

From Chamber's Journal.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

GROWING OLD.

Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the
time,

When your heart and your step were so light?
"I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
And of all that I joyed in then:
But the brightest that ever arose on me,
I have never wished back again."

GROWING old. A time we talk of, and jest or moralize over, but find almost impossible to realize—at least to ourselves. In others, we can see its approach clearer: yet even then we are slow to recognize it. "What, Miss So-and-so looking old—did you say? Impossible: she is quite a young person; only a year older than I—and that would make her just—. Bless me! I am forgetting how time goes on. Yes"—with a faint deprecation which truth forbids you to contradict, and politeness to notice—"I suppose we are neither of us so young as we used to be."

Without doubt, it is a trying crisis in a woman's life—a single woman's particularly—when she begins to suspect she is "not so young as she used to be;" that, after crying "Wolf" ever since the respectable maturity of seventeen—as some young ladies are fond of doing, to the extreme amusement of their friends—the grim wolf, old age, is actually showing his teeth in the distance; and no courteous blindness on the part of these said friends, no alarmed indifference on her own, can neutralize the fact that he is, if still far off, in sight. And, however charmingly poetical he may appear to sweet fourteen-and-a-half, who writes melancholy verses about "I wish I were again a child," or merry three-and-twenty, who preserves in silver paper "my first gray hair," old age, viewed as a near approaching reality, is—quite another thing.

To feel that you have had your fair half at least of the ordinary term of years allotted to mortals; that you have no right to expect to be any handsomer, or stronger, or happier than you are now; that you have climbed

to the summit of life, whence the next step must necessarily be decadence. Ay, though you do not feel it; though the air may be as fresh, and the view as grand—still, you know that it is so. Slower or faster, you are going down-hill. To those who go "hand-in-hand,"

"And sleep thegither at the foot,"

it may be a safer and sweeter descent; but I am writing for those who have to make the descent alone.

It is not a pleasant descent at the beginning. When you find at parties that you are not asked to dance as much as formerly, and your partners are chiefly stout middle-aged gentlemen and slim lads who blush terribly and require a great deal of drawing out. When you are "dear"-ed and patronized by stylish young chits who were in their cradles when you were a grown woman; or when some boy, who was your plaything in petticoats, has the impertinence to look over your head, bearded and grand, or even to consult you on his love-affairs. When you find your acquaintance delicately abstaining from the term "old-maid" in your presence, or immediately qualifying it by an eager panegyric on the solitary sisterhood. When servants address you as "Ma'am" instead of "Miss;" and if you are at all stout and comfortable-looking, strange shopkeepers persist in making out your bills to "Mrs. Blank," and pressing upon your notice toys and perambulators.

Rather trying, too, when in speaking of yourself as a "girl"—which, from long habit, you unwittingly do—you detect a covert smile on the face of your interlocutor; or, led by chance excitement to deport yourself in an ultra-youthful manner, some instinct warns you that you are making yourself ridiculous. Or catching in some strange looking-glass the face that you are too familiar with to notice much, ordinarily, you suddenly become aware that it is *not* a young face; that it will never be a young face again; that it will gradually alter and alter, until the known face of your girlhood, whether plain or pretty, loved or disliked, admired or despised, will have altogether van-

ished—nay, is vanished: look as you will, you cannot see it any more.

There is no denying the fact, and it ought to silence many an ill-natured remark upon "mutton dressed lamb-fashion," "young ladies of a certain age," and the like—that with most people the passing from maturity to middle age is so gradual, as to be almost imperceptible to the individual concerned. It is very difficult for a woman to recognize that she is growing old; and to many—nay, to all more or less—this recognition cannot but be fraught with considerable pain. Even the most frivolous are somewhat to be pitied, when, not conducting themselves as *passées*, because they really do not think it, they expose themselves to all manner of misconstructions by still determinedly grasping that fair sceptre of youth, which they never suspect is now the merest "rag of sovereignty"—sovereignty deposed.

Nor can the most sensible woman fairly put aside her youth, all it has enjoyed, or lost, or missed—its hopes and interests, omissions and commissions, doings and sufferings—satisfied that it is henceforth to be considered entirely as a thing gone by—without a momentary spasm of the heart. Young people forget this as completely as they forget that they themselves may one day experience the same, or they would not be so ready to laugh at even the foolishhest of those foolish old virgins, who deems herself juvenile long after everybody else has ceased to share in the pleasing delusion, and thereby makes both useless and ridiculous that season of early autumn which ought to be the most peaceful, abundant, safe, and sacred time in a woman's whole existence. They would not, with the proverbial harsh judgment of youth, scorn so cruelly those poor little absurdities, of which the unlucky person who indulges therein is probably quite unaware—merely dresses as she has always done, and carries on the harmless coquetries and *minauderies* of her teens, unconscious how exceedingly ludicrous they appear in a lady of—say forty! Yet in this sort of exhibition, which society too often sees and enjoys, any honest heart cannot but often feel that of all the actors engaged in it, the one who plays the least objectionable and disgraceful part is she who only makes a fool of herself.

Yet why should she do it? Why cling so

desperately to the youth that will not stay? and which, after all, is not such a very precious or even a happy thing? Why give herself such a world of trouble to deny or conceal her exact age, when half her acquaintance must either know it or guess it, or be supremely indifferent about it? Why appear dressed—undressed, cynics would say—after the pattern of her niece, the belle of the ball; annoying the eye with beauty either half withered, or long overblown, and which in its prime would have been all the lovelier for more concealment?

In this matter of dress, a word or two. There are two styles of costume which ladies past their *première jeunesse* are most prone to fall into: one hardly knows which is the worst. Perhaps, though, it is the ultra-juvenile—such as the insane juxtaposition of a yellow skin and white tarlatane, or the anomalous adorning of grey hair with artificial flowers. It may be questioned whether at any age beyond twenty a ball-costume is really becoming; but after thirty, it is the very last sort of attire that a lady can assume with impunity. It is said that you can only make yourself look younger by dressing a little older than you really are; and truly I have seen many a woman look withered and old in the customary evening-dress which, being unmarried, she thinks necessary to shiver in, who would have appeared fair as a sunshiny October day, if she would only have done nature the justice to assume, in her autumn-time, an autumnal livery. If she would only have the sense to believe that gray hair was meant to soften wrinkles and brighten faded cheeks, giving the same effect for which our youthful grandmothers wore powder; that flimsy, light-colored gowns, frippered over with trimmings, only suit airy figures and active motions; that a sober-tinted substantial gown and a pretty cap will any day take away ten years from a lady's appearance. Above all, if she would observe this one grand rule of the toilet, always advisable, but after youth indispensable—that though good personal "points" are by no means a warrant for undue exhibition thereof, no point that is positively unbecoming ought ever, by any pretence of fashion or custom, to be shewn.

The other sort of dress, which, it must be owned, is less frequent, is the dowdy style. People say—though not very soon—"Oh, I

am not a young woman now; it does not signify what I wear." Whether they quite believe it, is another question; but they say it—and act upon it when laziness or indifference prompts. Foolish women! they forget that if we have reason at any time more than another to mind our "looks," it is when our looks are departing from us. Youth can do almost any thing in the toilet—middle age cannot; yet is none the less bound to present to her friends and society the most pleasing exterior she can. Easy is it to do this when we have those about us who love us, and take notice of what we wear, and in whose eyes we would like to appear gracious and lovely to the last, so far as nature allows; not easy when things are otherwise. This perhaps is the reason why we see so many unmarried women grow careless and "old-fashioned" in their dress—"What does it signify—nobody cares."

I think a woman ought to care a little for herself—a very little. Without preaching up vanity, or undue waste of time over that most thankless duty of adorning one's self for nobody's pleasure in particular—is it not still a right and becoming to feeling have some respect for that personality which, as well as our soul, heaven gave us to make the best of? And is it not our duty—considering the great number of uncomely people there are in the world—to lessen it by each of us making herself as little uncomely as she can?

Because a lady ceases to dress youthfully, she has no excuse for dressing untidily; and though having found out that one general style suits both her person, her taste, and convenience, she keeps to it, and generally prefers moulding the fashion to herself, rather than herself to the fashion. Still, that is no reason why she should shock the risible nerves of one generation, by shewing up to them the out-of-date costume of another. Neatness invariable; hues carefully harmonized, and, as time advances, subsiding into a general unity of tone, softening and darkening in color, until black, white, and gray, alone remain, as the suitable garb for old age; these things are every woman's bounden duty to observe as long as she lives. No poverty, grief, sickness, or loneliness—those mental causes which act so strongly upon the external life—can justify any one (to use a phrase probably soon to be obsolete when charity and common sense have left the rising gene-

ration no Fifth of November) involuntarily "making a Guy of herself."

That slow, fine, and yet perceptible change of mien and behavior, natural and proper to advancing years, is scarcely reducible to rule at all. It is but the outward reflection of an inward process of the mind. We only discover its full effect by the absence of it, as noticeable in a person "who has such very 'young' manners," who falls into raptures of enthusiasm, and expresses loudly every emotion of her nature. Such a character, when real, is unobjectionable, nay, charming, in extreme youth; but the great improbability of its being real, makes it rather ludicrous, if not disagreeable, in mature age, when the passions die out, or are quieted down, the sense of happiness itself is calm, and the fullest, tenderest tide of which the loving heart is capable, may be described by those "still waters" which "run deep."

To "grow old gracefully," as one, who truly has exemplified her theory, has written and expressed it, is a good and beautiful thing; to grow old worthily, a better. And the first effort to that end, is not only to recognize, but to become personally reconciled to the fact of youth's departure; to see, or, if not seeing, to have faith in, the wisdom of that which we call change, yet which is in truth progression; to follow openly and fearlessly, in ourselves and our own life, the same law which makes spring pass into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, preserving an especial beauty and fitness in each of the four.

Yes, if women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a lifetime to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and perfections—and to learn at last, what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that with a good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable, and agreeable, as a travelling dress

for the soul. Many a one, who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

So with the character. If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty. Her natural good qualities will have developed; her evil ones have either been partly subdued, or have overgrown her like rampant weeds; for however we may talk about people being "not a whit altered"—"just the same as ever"—not one of us is, or can be, for long together exactly the same; no more than that the body we carry with us is the identical body we were born with, or the one we supposed ours seven years ago. Therein, as in our spiritual self which inhabits it, goes on a perpetual change and renewal: if this ceased, the result would be, not permanence, but corruption. In moral and mental, as well as physical growth, it is impossible to remain stationary; if we do not advance we retrograde. Talk of "too late to improve"—"too old to learn," &c. Idle words! A human being should be improving with every day of a lifetime; and will probably have to go on learning through all the ages of immortality.

And this brings me to one among the number of what I may term "the pleasures of growing old."

At our outset, "to love" is the verb we are most prone to conjugate; afterwards, we discover that though the first, it is by no means the sole verb in the grammar of life, or even the only one that implies (*vide* Lennie or Murray) "to be, to do, or to suffer." To know—that is, to acquire, to find out, to be able to trace and appreciate the causes of things, gradually becomes a necessity, an exquisite delight. We begin to taste the full meaning of that promise which describes the other world as a place where "we shall know even as we are known." Nay, even this world, with all its burdens and pains, presents itself in a phase of abstract interest entirely apart from ourselves and our small lot therein, whether joyful or sorrowful. We take pleasure in tracing the large workings of all things—more clearly apprehended

as we cease to expect, or conduct ourselves as if we expected, that Providence will appear as *Deus ex machina* for our own private benefit. We are able to pass out of our own small daily sphere, and take interest in the marvellous government of the universe; to see the grand workings of cause and effect, the educing of good out of apparent evil, the clearing away of the knots in tangled destinies, general or individual, the wonderful agency of time, change, and progress in ourselves, in those surrounding us, and in the world at large. We have lived just long enough to catch a faint tone or two of the large harmonies of nature and fate—to trace the apparent plot and purpose of our own life and that of others, sufficiently to make us content to sit still and see the play played out. As I once heard said: "We feel we should like to go on living, were it only out of curiosity."

In small minds, this feeling expands itself in meddling, gossiping, scandal-mongering; but such are only the abortive developments of a right noble quality, which, properly guided, results in benefits incalculable to the individual and to society. For, undoubtedly, the after-half of life is the best working-time. Beautiful is youth's enthusiasm, and grand are its achievements; but the most solid and permanent good is done by the persistent strength and wide experience of middle age.

A principal agent in this is a blessing which rarely comes till then—contentment: not mere resignation, a passive acquiescence in what cannot be removed, but active contentment; bought, and cheaply, too, by a personal share in that daily account of joy and pain, which, the longer one lives the more one sees, is pretty equally balanced in all lives. Young people are happy—enjoy ecstatically, either in prospect or fruition, "the top of life;" but they are very seldom contented. It is not possible. Not till the cloudy maze is half travelled through, and we begin to see the object and purpose of it, can we really be content.

One great element in this—nor let us think shame to grant that which God and nature also allow—consists in the doubtful question "to marry or not to marry," being by this time generally settled; the world's idle curiosity or impertinent meddling there-

with having come to an end; which alone is a great boon to any woman. Her relations with the other sex imperceptibly change their character, or slowly decline. Though there are exceptions, of old lovers who have become friends, and friends whom no new love could make swerve from the fealty of years, still it usually happens thus. If a woman wishes to retain her sway over mankind, not an unnatural wish even in the good and amiable, who have been long used to attention and admiration in society, she must do it by means quite different from any she has hitherto employed. Even then, be her wit ever so sparkling, her influence ever so pure and true, she will often find her listener preferring bright eyes to intellectual conversation, and the satisfaction of his heart to the improvement of his mind. And who can blame him?

Pleasant as men's society undoubtedly is; honorable, well-informed gentlemen, who meet a lady on the easy neutral ground of mutual esteem, and take more pains to be agreeable to her than, unfortunately, her own sex frequently do; they are, after all, but men. Not one of them is really necessary to a woman's happiness, except *the* one whom, by this time, she has probably either seen, or lost, or found. Therefore, however uncomplimentary this may sound to those charming and devoted creatures, which of course they always are in ladies', *young ladies'* society, an elderly lady may be well content to let them go, before they depart of their own accord. I fear the waning coquette and the ancient beauty, as well as the ordinary women, who has had her fair share of both love and liking, must learn and shew by her demeanor she has learned that the only way to preserve the unfeigned respect of the opposite sex, is by letting them see that she can do without either their attention or their admiration.

Another source of contentment which in youth's fierce self-dependence it would be vain to look for—is the recognition of one's own comparative unimportance and helplessness in the scale of fate. We begin by thinking we can do everything, and that everything rests with us to do; the merest trifle frets and disturbs us, the restless heart wearies itself with anxieties over its own future, the tender one over the futures of those dear to it. Many a young face do I see, wearing the indescribable *Martha*-look—"troubled about

many things"—whom I would fain remind of the anecdote of the ambassador in China. To him, tossing sleepless on his bed, his old servant said:

"Sir, may I put to you, and will you answer, three questions? First, did not the Almighty govern this world very well before you came into it?"

"Of course."

"And will He not also do the same when you are gone out of it?"

"I know that."

"Then, do you not think, sir, that He is able to govern it while you are in it?"

The ambassador smiled assent, turned round, and slept calmly.

Alas, it is the slowest and most painful lesson that Faith has to learn—Faith, not Indifference—to do steadfastly and patiently all that lies to her hand; and there leave it, believing that the Almighty is able to govern His own world.

It is said that we suffer less as we grow older, that pain, like joy, becomes dulled by repetition, or by the callousness that comes with years. In one sense this is true. If there is no joy like the joy of youth, the rapture of a first love, the thrill of a first ambition, God's great mercy has also granted that there is no anguish like youth's pain; so total, so hopeless, blotting out earth and heaven, falling down upon the whole being like a stone. This never comes in after-life, because the sufferer, if he or she have lived to any purpose at all, has learned that God never meant any human being to be crushed under any calamity like a blindworm under a stone.

For lesser evils, the fact that our interests gradually take a wider range, allows more scope for the healing power of compensation. Also our strongest idiosyncrasies, our loves, hates, sympathies, and prejudices, having assumed a more rational and softened shape, we do not present so many angles for the rough attrition of the world. Likewise, with the eye of that Faith already referred to, we have come to view life in its entirety, instead of agonizingly puzzling over its disjointed parts, which are not, and were never meant to be, made wholly clear to mortal eye. And that calm twilight, which by nature's kindly law so soon begins to creep over the past, throws over all things a softened coloring which together transcends and forbids regret. I suppose there is hardly any woman

with a good heart, and a clear conscience, who does not feel on the whole, the infinite truth of the verses at the head of this paper, and of the other two verses which I here add partly because a pleasant rhyme is a wholesome thing to cling about the memory, and partly in the hope that some one may own or claim this anonymous song :

" Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night ?

Do ye gather them up as they faded fast
Like buds with an early blight ?

' I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
And I mourn not their stay was fleet ;

For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall,
And were even in falling, sweet.'

" Do ye think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie,

As ye sit by your fire at night ?

Do ye wish they were round you again once more

By the hearth that they made so bright ?

' I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
They are dear to my heart as then :

But the best and the dearest among them all
I have never wished back again !''

Added to all these reasons, contentment, faith, cheerfulness, and the natural calming down of both passions and emotions, which give a woman greater capacity for usefulness in middle life, than in any previous portion of her existence, is another—her greater independence. By the time she has arrived at the half of those threescore-years-and-ten, which form the largest available limit of active life, she will generally have become, in the best sense of the term, her own mistress : I do not mean as regards exemption from family ties and restrictions, for this sort of liberty is sadder than bondage, but she will be mistress over herself—she will have learned to understand herself, mentally and bodily. Nor is this last a small advantage, for it often takes years to comprehend, and act upon when comprehended, the physical peculiarities of one's own constitution. Much valetudinarianism among women arises from ignorance or neglect of the commonest sanitary laws ; and indifference to that grand preservative of a healthy body, a well-controlled, healthy mind. Both of these are more attainable in middle age than youth ; and, therefore, the sort of happiness they bring—a solid, useful, available happiness—is more in her power then, than at any earlier period.

And why ? Because she has ceased to think principally of herself and her own pleasures ; because, as I tried to shew in a

former paper, happiness itself has become to her an accidental thing, which the good God may give or withhold as He sees most fit for her—most adapted to the work for which He means to use her in her generation. This conviction of being at once an active and a passive agent—self-working, worked through, and worked upon—is surely consecration enough to form the peace, nay, the happiness, of any good woman's life : enough, be it ever so solitary, to sustain it until the end.

In what manner such a conviction should be carried out, no one individual can venture to advise. Women's work is, in this age, if undefined, almost unlimited, when the woman herself so chooses. She alone can be a law unto herself ; deciding, acting according to the circumstances in which her lot is placed.

And have we not many who do so act ? Women of property, whose name is a proverb for generous and wise charities—whose riches, carefully guided, flow into innumerable channels freshening the whole land. Women of rank and influence, who use both, or lay aside both, in the simplest humility, for labors of love, which level, or rather raise, all classes to one common sphere of womanhood. And many others, of whom the world knows nothing, who have taken the wisest course that any unmarried woman can take, and made for themselves a home and a position : some as the ladies Bountiful of a country neighborhood ; some as elder sisters, on whom has fallen the bringing up of whole families, and to whom has tacitly been accorded the headship of the same, by the love and respect of more than one generation thereof ; and some as writers, painters, and professional women generally, who make the most of the special gift apparently allotted to them, believing that, be it great or small, it is not theirs either to lose or to waste, but that they must one day render up to the Master His own, with usury.

Would that, instead of bringing up our young girls with the notion that they are to be wives, or nothing—matrons, with an acknowledged position and duties,—or with no position and duties at all—we could instil into them, that above and before all, they are to be *women*,—women, whose character is of their own making, and whose lot lies in their own hands. Not through any foolish independence of mankind, or adventurous misogamy : let people prate as they will, the

woman was never born yet who would not cheerfully and proudly give herself and her whole destiny into a worthy hand, at the right time, and under fitting circumstances—that is, when her whole heart and conscience accompanied and sanctioned the gift. But marriage ought always to be a question not of necessity but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union stamps upon her as foul dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether; and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be tenfold worse—an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death. There is many a bridal-chamber over which ought to be placed no other inscription than that well-known one over the gate of Dante's hell:

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi chi entrate."

God forbid that any woman in whose heart is any sense of real marriage, with all its sanctity, beauty, and glory, should ever be driven to enter such an accursed door!

But after the season of growing old, there comes, to a few, the time of old age; the withered face, the failing strength, the bodily powers gradually sinking into incapacity for both usefulness and enjoyment. I will not say but that this season has its sad aspect to a woman who has never married; and who, as her own generation dies out, probably has long since died out, retains no longer, nor can expect to retain, any flesh-and-blood claim upon a single human being. When all the downward ties which give to the decline of life a rightful comfort, and the interest in the new generation which brightens it with a perpetual hope, are to her either unknown, or indulged in chiefly on one side. Of course there are exceptions; when an aunt has been almost a mother, and a loving and lovable great-aunt is as important a personage as any grandmother. But I speak of things in general. It is a condition to which a single

woman must make up her mind, that the close of her days will be more or less solitary.

Yet there is a solitude which old age feels to be as natural and satisfying as that rest which seems such an irksomeness to youth, but which gradually grows into the best blessing of our lives; and there is another solitude, so full of peace and hope, that it is like Jacob's sleep in the wilderness, at the foot of the ladder of angels.

"All things are less dreadful than they seem."

And it may be that the extreme loneliness which, viewed afar off, appears to an unmarried woman as one of the saddest and most inevitable results of her lot, shall by that time have lost all its pain, and be regarded but as the quiet dreamy hour "between the lights;" when the day's work is done, and we lean back, closing our eyes, to think it all over before we finally go to rest, or to look forward, in faith and hope, unto the Coming Morning.

A finished life; a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer; surely this is worth living for? And though at its end it may be somewhat lonely; though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the failing step; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed, and draw the shroud kindly over the poor withered breast where no child's head has ever lain; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all breath, pure as he gave it. Nor will He forget it when He counteth up his jewels.

On earth too, for as much and as long as the happy dead, to whom all things have long been made equal, need remembering, such a life will not have been lived in vain.

*"Only the memory of the just
Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."*

Our famous forerunners in the path of Empire left us no lesson more signal than that of throwing the whole force of the State loyally and heartily into the hands of its chiefs, when engaged, however unsuccessfully, in a struggle with the public enemy. Carthage was cold to Hannibal, and he fell. He fell before far in-

ferior men backed by the Senate which went forth in state to thank Varro after Cannæ. It was in that moral effort, unequalled as yet in history, and not on the fields of Zama and Cyncephalæ, that Rome, though vanquished, won the ancient world.—*Saturday Review.*

From The North British Review.

Hooker's Works. Arranged by the Rev. John Keble. 3 Vols. Oxford.

THERE are few names that call up so many venerable associations as that of Hooker. Walton tells us that King James never mentioned him but with the epithet of *learned*, or *judicious*, or *reverend*, or *venerable* Mr. Hooker; and the portrait drawn by him in his well-known *Life* exactly answers this description. It is a quiet and ancient picture, majestic in its outlines, and grave in its features, with an air of sad and dim repose about it. We feel in perusing it, as we feel in gazing at certain old family portraits, that, while the truth of nature in her more set moments has been preserved in the noble and impressive presence before us, yet there must have been also other traits, and some intensities of meaning in the original character, of which we can gather little or nothing from that staid quietness and dignity of look.

That this is to some extent true of Walton's portrait there cannot be any doubt. Beautiful and touching as it is, and so far finely expressive of the original, it does not certainly give us the full man as he lived and labored in those days of earnest controversy. The contemplative aspect to uniformly stamped upon it, is to some degree, although to what degree we cannot well tell, a reflection from the tranquil depths of honest Isaak's own soul. He paints here, as in all his portraits, with an unconscious touch of softening harmony, attaining unity of effect at the expense of breadth and minuteness of detail. He represents very faithfully, we may suppose, the studious calm of the happy days which Hooker passed at Oxford within the shades of Corpus Christi College—perhaps also the somewhat sordid domesticities of "Draiton Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire," and again the innocence and sanctity of his closing pastoral life in Borne; but we cannot persuade ourselves that he gives us any true and living likeness of the preacher in the Temple, the opponent of Travers, and the champion of Anglicanism. We gather this impression from a perusal of Walton's *Biography* itself, and still more when we turn to Fuller's *Church History*, and there catch in a broader, but still dim and imperfect light, the picture of the rival preachers, and

of the high debate they waged in the Temple Sunday after Sunday,—epitomizing in their resolute opposition the stern conflict which then raged throughout the kingdom. But the chief evidence of the toning down of Walton's portrait, and of the too still and reclusive light in which it is set, is to be found in Hooker's own great work. Here we see in no common measure certain elements of character, of which the *Life* furnishes little or no hint, but which in fact it rather contradicts. The wonderful majesty and repose, the calm elevation, the simplicity and dignity and grave earnestness with which we are familiar in the latter, are all here, and in even yet higher union than we have been led to imagine; but there are also a depth of human feeling, a power of hearty and sometimes scornful humor, and, as naturally accompanying these, a rare sense and knowledge of the world which we could scarcely guess the Hooker of Walton to have possessed. Mr. Keble has drawn attention to this,* and we have marked many traits of this broader and more genial and powerful character throughout the work.

The fact probably is, that Hooker presented in his true nature, and in his ordinary personal demeanor, that sort of contrast which we not unfrequently see in men who are great students, and who live really more in their closets and in their books than they do in the world. In the latter they are staid and formal, and but half expressive of the life that is in them; they move feebly and awkwardly, amid conventionalities which they are never at the trouble to understand, and for which they do not care; they are supposed therefore to be good and simple souls, with little fire of natural feeling in them, and no particular keenness and shrewdness of wit. But let the same men be contemplated with the spirit that is in them once fully awakened, and all the latent features of their intellectual life drawn forth and quickened into intensity of expression, and the aspect which they present to the world, and which has become stamped perhaps in social anecdote, is felt to be at the best an imperfect representation. And so the Hooker of Walton is doubtless the Hooker of common life, the lofty and unworldly student as he moved among the peasants of

* Vol. i., Editor's Preface, pp. 2, 3.

Drayton Beauchamp or of Borne, or even among the Temple students; but he is not at least in full length the Hooker who "writ the books of Church Polity," and who, with all his sensitiveness and tenderness, and high-souled impartiality, could impale a Puritan with the most evident relish on the horns of an argumentative dilemma, or the sharp fork of a reserved but most caustic banter.*

Hooker was born in the city of Exeter, or its near neighborhood, about the year 1554. His native county, as Walton remarks, is conspicuous for the illustrious names which it gave to England in the 16th century; Bishop Jewell, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh, having, as well as our author, all sprung from it. The family of Hooker was well-descended, although his parents seem to have been poor; and Walton says of them, in his quaint way, that "they were not so remarkable for their extraction or riches, as for their virtue and industry, and God's blessing upon both." His grandfather was chief magistrate of Exeter in 1529, and his great-grandfather, besides occupying the same honorable post, represented the city in Parliament, "during the several reigns of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII."† We find, therefore, that, though the parents of Hooker were themselves unable to forward his prospects as a scholar, he did not lack relatives to help him. A rich uncle took him by the hand, induced by the strong representation of his schoolmaster, who, from his "quick apprehension of many perplex parts of learning," was led to believe him "to have an inward blessed divine light, and, therefore, to consider him to be a little wonder." He was introduced by this uncle to the notice of Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury,‡ through whose influence he

* See especially Works, vol. ii. pp. 93, 94.

† Notes to Walton's Life, Keble's Ed.

‡ Jewell was already old, and his course nearly run. He died in 1571. Hooker appears only to have had one interview with him, on his way from College, in the year 1570 or 1571. We cannot, therefore, suppose, that the relation in which they stood to one another exercised any special influence upon Hooker. It is pleasing, however, to contemplate the connexion between these two illustrious names; and few can read, unmoved, Walton's narrative of the parting blessing and gift of his staff, with which the sainted apologist of the Church of England made glad the heart of the young student and future defender of that Church, as he travelled homewards. Of all the Reformers, none presents, at once, an intellect so exalted and

was removed to Oxford about the 15th year of his age. Here he was placed at Corpus Christi College, under the care of Dr. Cole. Dr. Reynolds,* of the same College, and one of the most learned names in the annals of Puritanism, is said to have been his tutor. If this be true, the fact is of some interest, as serving to illustrate the independence of Hooker's theological training. For Reynolds's sentiments, even at this time, were decidedly Genevan, and his theological instructions, as indicated in a letter of his own, quoted by Keble,† drew their inspiration directly from Peter Martyr and Calvin. It is not difficult, indeed, to trace the influence of such a system of instruction under all the catholic tendencies which ultimately acquired the mastery in Hooker, and so strongly stamp his writings. His allusions to Calvin, even when a certain tone of sharpness and impatience characterizes them—as in some of his notes upon the Christian Letter‡—betray the strong hold which the Genevan Reformer's genius had exercised upon him. He could harmonize little with the temper of that genius, but he had felt its sway; and there is, in all that he says of the works and character of Calvin, that sort of respect which one great mind instinctively pays to another, however widely they may differ, and

a character so unstained as Jewell. The lofty wisdom, vigorous sense, and divine simplicity that distinguish his Apology, breathe in his life; and one can never cease to regret, that his moderate views, and loving and conciliatory temper, were not allowed more influence in the councils of the Queen and the Church, during the first years of her reign,—although, in such a case, we might never have possessed the Books of Ecclesiastical Polity.

* Dr. Reynolds was afterwards distinguished as the Puritan leader in the Hampton Court Conference. He, too, was from the same county as Hooker and Jewell,—as Fuller (Church Hist., Book X. p. 47, Fol. 1566) remarks, with amazement at the genial productiveness of Devonshire, in that age, in men of learning.

† Vol. i., Notes to Walton's Life, p. 11.

‡ Vol. i. p. 133.—"Safer to discuss all the saints of heaven than M. Calvin,"—is his retort to the insinuations of the Christian Letter that he had undervalued Calvin in order to exalt his own wisdom. The "Christian Letter" was a letter, in the name of certain English Protestants, addressed to Hooker, "requiring resolution in certain matters of doctrine, (which seems to overthrow the foundation of Christian Religion, and of the Church among us,) expressive contained in his five books of Ecclesiastical Polity." The general drift of this Letter—whose covert mode of attack seems considerably to have annoyed Hooker—may be gathered from certain passages quoted by Mr. Keble in his Preface, pp. x. xi.

far apart as they must ever remain from each other. This is, in point of fact, only one illustration of the wide-spread influence which the name and writings of Calvin exercised, at this time throughout Europe. Those most keenly opposed to his discipline, owned the force of his theological teaching; and Whitgift himself, as the Lambeth Articles clearly testify, was his willing pupil, and ready even to outstrip his master in the dogmatic direction which he had elaborately brought out in the Institutes. Here, as in other respects, the great counter-genius of our author showed itself, not so much by sympathy, as by the modifying and catholic control with which it met the Calvinistic views.

The university life of Hooker seems to have gone on evenly and happily, till it received a temporary shock from the death of the good Bishop of Salisbury. Dr. Cole, however, proved a true friend to him in the circumstances; and very soon efficient and permanent help came to him from another quarter. Sandys, at this time Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of York, was a great friend of Jewell's. United together in exile during the reign of Queen Mary,—“companions at bed and board in Germany, where they did often eat the bread of sorrow,” they maintained in more prosperous years an intimate correspondence; and Sandys having heard from his friend of the wonderful acquirements and high character of the young student, resolved to entrust to him the education of his son. Joined with young Edwin Sandys, then about eleven or twelve years of age, there was another pupil still younger, viz., George Cranmer, whose name has continued, from the narrative of Walton, closely associated with that of Hooker. He was the grand-nephew of the Archbishop, and gave considerable promise of political distinction; but he perished at an early age in one of the Irish Rebellions. It was from the family of the brother of this George Cranmer, with whom he became connected by marriage, that Walton appears to have derived the chief materials of his biography.

Between these two pupils and Hooker, there sprang up a “sacred” friendship, exalted by the devotion of the pupils, and the love and respect of the master; “a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies; a friend-

ship elemented in youth, and in an university, free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not.” Every one remembers with a strange mixture of feelings, the visit which they paid to their old tutor in Drayton Beauchamp, after his marriage; and in the prosecution of his great work he constantly sought their advice,—a tribute of respect of which both seem to have been truly worthy.

In quiet and improving intercourse with his pupils, and in studious advance, first to the dignity of scholar, and then of Fellow of his College, the happiest years of Hooker's life seem to have been spent,—years of busy seclusion and aspiring progress. “He was daily more assiduous in his studies,” says Walton; “still enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen; and with them, the foundation and reason of all laws, both sacred and civil; and, indeed, with such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies.” Then, too, that practical love of order, and catholic spirit of content, so characteristic of his writings, appears to have grown up in him. He would often say, that “God abhors confusion, as contrary to his nature;” and as often say, that “the Scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but moderation, charity, and humility, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind: of which virtues no man did ever repent himself upon his deathbed.” The maintainer of Church ceremonies, and the opponent of Puritanism, already speak in such language, if it be not indeed a mythical reflection in the mind of Walton from the qualities which so obviously and strongly mark the books of Ecclesiastical Polity.

Harsher days, however, were at hand for the college recluse. After about three years' residence in his college as Fellow, he entered into sacred orders, and ere long was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross. Hither all the rising power and eloquence of the Church found their way in the sixteenth century: and many were the associations that even then consecrated a spot where Latimer's homely invective, and Hooper's flaming words, had rung in the ears of courtiers and people; where Jewell had uttered his famous challenge to Rome, as from the same

spot, seven years after the time of which we write (viz., in 1588), Bancroft delivered his no less famous denunciation against the Puritans. It was no doubt something of a trial for Hooker to preach at this well-known place of resort. In any circumstances, the change from the quiet seclusion of Corpus Christi, to the *éclat* of a public appearance in London, must have strongly affected one of his temper and character; but, as it was, neither weather nor friends were propitious to him on this occasion. It was customary for the preacher from the country to stay in a particular house, called the "Shunamite's house," where "provision was made for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon." To this house, Walton tells us, in one of his quaintest passages, that "Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion than against a friend who dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier a horse, supposing the horse trotted when he did not; and at this time also such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means, could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581."*

A service thus inauspiciously entered upon, was still more inauspicious in its ending. His sermon was made the ground of certain exceptions which seem to have marked the very opening of his career with controversy.† But this was not the worst result of the affair. Mrs. Churchman's kindness if Walton is to be credited, proved more fatal than his own rashness, in seeming "to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's." The plain drift of his statement is, that she laid a successful snare for entrapping Hooker into an alliance with her daughter. The whole story is a very strange one, and, indeed, all we learn of Hooker's wife is of the same strange character. It can only be told in Isaac's own

language. Being persuaded by Mrs. Churchman—

"That he was a man of tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him,—such an one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such an one she could and would provide for him if he thought fit to marry.' And he not considering that 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;' but like a true Nathanael, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazer was trusted with (you may read it in the book of Genesis) when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him, was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a 'dripping house;' so that the good man had no reason to 'rejoice in the wife of his youth,' but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, 'Woe is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!'"

It is difficult to say what amount of actual truth there may be in this statement; for we suppose all will admit that to some extent it must be received as gossip; the tone of it is thoroughly gossip; and Walton himself probably meant it as a very good story, answering fitly to the traditional character of Hooker. Its main drift is probably true—that Mrs. Churchman practised some measure of guile in bringing about the marriage. We may believe this without assenting to the mythical embellishments of the story, which represent Hooker in a not very enviable light of simplicity. The fact certainly is, that he did marry within a few years Mrs. Churchman's daughter, and that this marriage did not contribute to his happiness. It drove him from the tranquillity of his college, and the life of contemplative study so congenial to him, without bringing in return the compensations of affection, and the solace of a happy home. Walton speaks very compassionately of the condition on which he now entered, in contrast to his former happiness—"the thorny wilderness of a busy world," and "those corroding cares that attend a married priest and a country parsonage." The country parsonage was Dray-

* Walton's Life, p. 22, Keble's Ed.

† This is uncertain. It is impossible to say, from the vagueness of Walton's language, whether the controversy was now or afterwards, when he became Master of the Temple.

ton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, where he settled in the end of 1584.

Walton has given us a glimpse into the home and life of Hooker at this place—a sort of companion-picture to the one we have already quoted, and more than matching it in the disagreeable aspect in which it represents Mrs. Churchman's daughter. About a year after,

"his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor, where they found him with a book in his hand (it was the Odes of Horace), he being then, like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. When his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for 'Richard was called to rock the cradle;' and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till the next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good tutor, I am sorry your lot has fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage, and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion after you have weaned yourself in your restless studies.' To whom the good man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none ought not to repine at what my wise Creator has appointed for me, but labor (as, indeed, I do daily) to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.'"

There is a ludicrous pathos in this picture, and yet a certain dignity and resignation to duty that stays the melancholy smile. Hooker is still Hooker while "tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field," and "while rocking the cradle."* He had chosen this life, and he gave himself to it with a patience

* This incident recalls to Walton's biographer (Couch), a similar domestic feature in the life of Melancthon, who was seen by one of his friends with one hand rocking the cradle of his child, with the other holding a book.

calm and lofty in the very condescension to which it stooped.

Perhaps there is that in Hooker's character which to some extent explains his domestic unhappiness, without making his wife quite so bad as Walton paints her, although, as we shall afterwards see, her character is not to be vindicated, but must rest under a stain of extreme unamiability and want of feeling. While we must claim for him more knowledge of the world, and more enjoyment of life than these descriptions lead us to suspect, it is yet admitted that there is a certain coldness in his majesty—a certain stateliness of temper about him—not easily quickened and running over into the ordinary channels of affection. In his case, as in Milton's, we can easily imagine how a high dignity and reserve of disposition prevented his moving freely amid the more usual cares and sweet accompaniments of family life. The very grandeur and depth of the natures of both made them more difficult to stir into unison with any others. Untouched by ordinary influences, they could only have been drawn forth by the power of some lofty passion, which, meeting neither in the world of life, came to them as inspirations from the great world of mind.

The visit of Hooker's pupils, if not productive at the time of much happiness, was not without important consequences. The representations made by young Sandys to his father, of the uncomfortable position of his old tutor, induced the Archbishop to recommend him for the mastership of the Temple, which had then become vacant. This he did while at dinner with the Judges, Readers and Benchers of the Temple: "met with a general condolement for the death of Father Alvie," the former master. Hooker's name, therefore, must have been very early associated with the vacancy. Two other names, however, had been already mentioned, between whom, in the first instance, the appointment seemed to lie, those, to wit, of Mr. Walter Travers, afternoon preacher in the Temple, and of Dr. Bond, the Queen's chaplain. The former was the favorite with the great body of Benchers, and especially with the younger and more active portion. He was also strongly supported by the Lord Treasurer Burghley. The latter was the nominee of Whitgift, who was obstinately opposed to Travers on account of his Puri-

tanism. The correspondence preserved in Walton's life between the Lord Treasurer and the Primate plainly shows how the matter stood. The former urges the claims of Travers as "well learned, very honest, and well allowed and loved of the generality of that house;" he represents, moreover, that Dr. Bond was not likely to have much pleasure in the appointment, "if he came not to the place with some applause of the company." The Primate replies, that Travers was well known to him—that he had formerly elected him Fellow of Trinity College, after he had been rejected by Dr. Beaumont for his "intolerable stomach," and that he had then such experience of him, that he was forced "by due punishment so to weary him, that he was fain to travel, and depart from the College to Geneva." The result was, that both names were withdrawn, and the place given to Hooker, to whom the Primate probably transferred his support, the Queen having declined to part with her chaplain. Hooker, it is said, by no means coveted the appointment; he rather accepted than desired it. He would much rather have had some better place in the country, where he could spend his days in quietness; such a place as he earnestly besought of Whitgift after some years' experience of the Temple.*

He probably foresaw, though Walton leaves us to infer otherwise, the troubles before him. He was connected through marriage with Travers; he must have known that the latter was the popular favorite for the place to which he himself had been appointed; nor could he have been ignorant of his puritanical opinions, and the zeal and activity with which he had maintained them; and, moreover, that the great body of the congregation strongly sympathized in those opinions. At any rate he was not long left in doubt about this. For we learn from himself in his answer to Travers' supplication to the Privy Council, that the latter waited upon him, with the view of urging him to submit to a sort of popular call before beginning his ministry in the Temple. "He advised me," says Hooker, "not to enter with a strong hand, but to change my purpose of preaching there the next day, and to stay till he had given notice of me to the congregation, that so their allowance might seal

* See *seq.*, p. 480. Walton puts the same language into his mouth on both occasions.

my calling. The effect of mine answer was, that as in a place where such order is, I would not break it; so here where it never was, I might not of my own head take upon me to begin it."* In these few words we seem to see into the very heart of the controversy then raging. The proposal of Travers shews how deeply the puritanical spirit had leavened the Temple congregation. And how truly does the principle laid down by Hooker correspond to his whole views and character! It breathes the very tone of many parts of the Books of Ecclesiastical Polity.

In order to enter fully into the contest between Hooker and Travers, and the important results to which it led in Hooker's case, it will be necessary to review shortly the position of the two great parties now struggling within the Church of England.

There are few men who both so warmly interest, and so strongly repel our sympathies as the early Puritans. Their history is a strange mixture of lofty endurance, inflexible courage, and persevering integrity, with narrow views, impatient zeal, and factious temper. In one point of view they can never cease to engage our admiration; as the advocates of freedom of conscience against ecclesiastical and royal oppression,—as the determined opponents of Papal superstition and the heralds of political liberty; while the pathos of their sufferings, and the undying ardor of conviction that outlived and triumphed under all, move at once our pity and our pride. We cannot think of old Miles Coverdale, the venerable translator of the Bible, neglected and suffered to fall into poverty, and finally driven from his parish by the stringent demands of the Act of Uniformity (1557); nor of Sampson, prosecuted and expelled from his Deanery in Christ's Church; nor of Fox the Martyrologist, reduced to such straits in his old age as to complain of the want of clothes; without a kindling feeling of indignation and of sympathy. And yet the ground of their resistance to the Church fails to interest us, or even, in all the circumstances of their time, to justify itself. There was no doubt a real principle of abhorrence to Popery at the bottom of their scruples, as to the vestments and ceremonies; and it was therefore both a cruel tyranny and a misguided policy that

* Vol. III., p. 571.

insisted on enforcing them. But, if this strengthens our regard for their honesty, it does not raise our estimate of their intelligence and sober-mindedness. It argued a narrow comprehension not to be able to rise above such accidents and seize some higher point of discussion, and some nobler end of victory. It argued a weakness of judgment, and a rashness of self-complacency, to imperil the peace of the Church, and the real progress of the truth, by a mere obstinate determination in matters which suffering could not exalt nor even martyrdom dignify.

The disputes about the vestments date from the appointment of Hooper to the see of Gloucester in the reign of Edward VI. By the influence of Peter Martyr and Bucer the opening breach was then partially healed; and Hooper and Ridley, who had been keen opponents in so small a matter, testified to the unity of their faith in a common martyrdom. They had been "two in white" in the quaint but touching language of the message that passed between them in the awful moment of their fate, but they became "one in red." Yet the conduct of Hooper and the vehemence with which he denounced the vestments, had made a strong impression on the minds of many. The Marian exile, with all its anti-ceremonial associations, greatly strengthened this impression, as well in fact as opened up the way to far deeper and more important differences between the two parties. At the first, however, even in the reign of Elizabeth, the contest did not manifest itself in any more serious form, than in relation to the "habits;" it was for "scrupling the habits" that Fox and Coverdale suffered as we have mentioned; and there cannot be any doubt that it was a most fatal obstinacy which led the Queen to meet the Puritan scruples as she did at the outset of her reign. Some limited concessions then, under the favoring circumstances of her accession to the throne, might have had the effect of allaying the troubles that were fast growing. Obstinacy in contempt was met however by obstinacy in demand; and the disputes which had been rekindled about vestments, especially in London and the University of Cambridge, gradually strengthened and settled into other and more determined forms of opposition to the existing Church system.

The more extreme puritanical movement

was undoubtedly in the main of foreign origin. Its principles were not Anglican, but Genevan. It embraced all the existing elements of dissent, and carried them forward in a more confirmed manner; but it was not the mere spontaneous development of these elements. It drew a. its life and strength from deeper principles of hostility than any that had yet been put forward against the old rights and usages of the Church,—principles which may have been growing up in the minds of many in England, but which had become familiar and distinct to all who, during the reign of Mary, had sought refuge in Switzerland and the Low Countries. From this exile many able and earnest men returned, not only with their hatred of Popery deepened, but with their whole convictions as to Mediaevalism changed. Accustomed while abroad to a worship which had been purged not merely of papal doctrine, but of papal associations, this worship became identified in their minds with scriptural truth, as opposed to Romish error. Presbyterianism came to be viewed by them as the normal expression of Protestantism; and the Church of England, consequently, when they returned, seemed only half reformed. It was the aim of Puritanism, in the form which it now assumed, to complete the reformation of the English Church after the Genevan model. Setting out from a definite scheme of church polity, supposed to be revealed in Scripture, it sought to apply this scheme rigorously to the destruction of the hierarchical constitution and mediaeval ceremonies of that Church.

In the year 1572, a bold step was taken, which served to precipitate matters, and bring the conflict between the two parties to a height. Two of the Puritan leaders, Field and Wilcocks, addressed an "Admonition to the Parliament for the reformation of Church discipline." The admonition was published and presented to the House by the two leaders themselves,—a proceeding for which they were immediately committed to Newgate. This, of course, only served to quicken the rising flame. Sympathy was excited towards the sufferers; and notwithstanding vigilant efforts made to suppress the Admonition, it passed through several editions. Whitgift, who had already distinguished himself on the side of the Church party, came forth with an "Answer to the Admonition," conciliatory in

its principles, and moderate in its tone of argument, but harsh and overbearing in its language. This defence drew forth a reply from one who must beyond doubt be considered the great champion of Elizabethan Puritanism.

There is no name, upon the whole, so illustrious in the Puritan annals of the time as that of Thomas Cartwright; none which represents a union of so much intellectual power, persevering courage, and noble suffering. His history gives us the idea of a very manly, if stubborn nature, of a high and even daring spirit under all its restlessness and frowardness. His fate, especially when we contrast it with that of his opponent, strongly excites our sympathy. They had been together at Cambridge, and their rivalry as disputants, dated from the period when they preached from the same pulpit before the University. Each maintained his cause with an earnestness and vigorous eloquence that stirred a tumult among their hearers. Whitgift, however, had chosen then, as afterwards, the winning side. He succeeded first in having his opponent silenced, then degraded from his professorship, and finally expelled from the University. The whole of Cartwright's subsequent career was one of obscure but incessant activity. He retired to the Continent after his expulsion from the University, and labored, chiefly at Antwerp, for eleven years, when his health failed him, and he again sought his native country. Here he had scarcely landed, when he was seized and imprisoned at the instigation of Aylmer, Bishop of London, whose character, amid the fierce intolerance and oppression of the period, stands out as peculiarly contemptible in the vindictive severities with which it is associated.* He was liberated at the instance of Whitgift, who, however severe himself

did not care to see his victims in the hands of others. An interview is even said to have taken place between them at this time, which left a softening impression on the minds of both; and it is undeniable that Cartwright's friend and patron, the Earl of Leicester, addressed a letter of thanks to the Prelate for his "favorable and courteous usage" of his old rival. Cartwright retired to Warwick, and settled there as master of an hospital founded by his noble patron. The vigilant eye of Whitgift, however, still watched him; and though urged to allow him to resume preaching, he declined to do so until he should be better persuaded of his conformity. He even forbade him, some time afterwards, by a very imperious exercise of authority, to proceed with an answer, which he had been requested by a great body of the clergy of London and Suffolk to prepare, to the Rhemish translation of the New Testament Vulgate.* On the death of the Earl of Leicester, Cartwright's troubles were renewed. He was summoned before the Court of High Commission, and again imprisoned, along with a number of other Puritan divines,† till he was finally released in 1592, and allowed to end his days in peace in his old sphere of labor in Warwick, among attached friends.

It may easily be imagined in the circumstances we have mentioned, that a controversy between Cartwright and Whitgift was conducted with sufficient spirit and bitterness. The tone on both sides is, in fact, rude and vituperative, descending into endless minutiae of personal attack, wearying to the reader, and making it difficult for him in many cases to catch the main drift and meaning of the argument.‡ On which side the advantage lay it were needless to inquire. Both contended with marked ability, and were recognized as the champions of their respective parties; Cartwright displaying, perhaps, more vigorous eloquence and rough sense in details, a more pungent wit and superior

* See Marsden's History of the Early Puritans, p. 168-9; Neal's History of the Puritans, vol. i. pp. 340-1, 66. We take this opportunity of expressing our high opinion of the former of these works. The spirit of fairness and moderation in which both this and Mr. Marsden's history of the later Puritans are written, is especially commendable; while their clear, well-balanced, and forcible style, rising in some cases into eloquence, and the general life and vigor of the narrative, make them very interesting and delightful reading. Neale's History of the Puritans is too well known to need comment. Prejudiced no doubt it is; but simple, graphic, and, upon the whole, faithful, after all the efforts of High Church critics to weaken and impugn its authority.

* See Marsden's Hist. p. 172.

† Do. p. 175.

‡ The "untempered speeches," "hard words," "bitter reproaches," ("as it were sticks and coals;") by which terms Cartwright characterizes Whitgift's reasoning, are sufficiently met by the "flouts," "approbries," "slanders," and "disdainful phrases," which the latter imputed to the Puritan.—Works of Whitgift, Parker Society, vol. i. pp. 45, 46, 54.—Whitgift does not even disdain to reproach his adversary with the poverty which his own harshness had inflicted.

learning, as some have maintained; Whitgift more freedom, comprehensiveness, and thoughtful force in general reasoning. We will afterwards have occasion to advert to the principles on which the latter maintained his argument.

He met Cartwright's reply with a defence of his answer, which appeared in 1573; and Cartwright again entered the field some years later, with a second and more elaborate Reply.* These were the main combatants; but, of course, a swarm of minor writers took up the controversy, which raged long and hotly. The Martin Marprelate pamphlets on the Puritan side, and others not a whit behind them in scurrility on the Church side,† attest the vehemence of the contest, and the extent to which it interested and convulsed the nation.

Things were in this agitated state when Hooker succeeded to the Mastership of the Temple. The puritanical spirit, especially among the citizens of London, has spread widely, and all the efforts of Whitgift, backed by the power of the High Court of Commission, had, at the most, only restrained its outward expressions here and there while intensifying the feelings in which it originated. These feelings appear to have been particularly strong among many in the Temple congregation, fostered as they had been under the ministry of both Father Alvie and Mr. Travers.

The latter is to be reckoned, after Cartwright, the most distinguished of the Puritan leaders. Both of them inferior in learning to Reynolds, who is said indeed to have been the most learned man of his day, there are yet no others who claim so decidedly to be considered the literary representatives of Elizabethan Puritanism. They had been associated as preachers at Antwerp, and the same principles, and the same fiery zeal in

* This is undeniable. Cartwright's Rejoinder to Whitgift, consisting of two parts, appeared, the first part in 1575, the second in 1577, after he had fled to the Continent, although Fuller (*Church Hist. B. 9, p. 103, Fol.*) seems to have been ignorant of this, and says that Whitgift's "Defence kept the field, and (for ought I can find) received no solemn refutation."

† Such as, "A fig for my Godson, or Crack me this Nut, that is, a sound box of the ear, for the Idiot Martin to hold his Peace;" and "An Almond for a Parrot," by Cuthbert Curry-Knave, the pseudonyme of Tom Nash, who was, says Walton, "a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen."

their defence, had bound them closely together. In many points, both of mind and character, they seem to have resembled each other. The same mental restlessness, the same hard and extreme dogmatism, the same ambitious, ardent, and unflinching spirit, and, what cannot be denied by their fiercest opponents, the same purity of character, and integrity and manliness under suffering, unite and distinguish their names.* Travers appears to have been the more polished and attractive preacher; Cartwright the stronger and more systematic reasoner. Upon the whole, the latter strikes us as the higher character, animated by a more living, a less captious earnestness in the work of controversy in which their lives were spent.

With such a spirit in the Temple Congregation, and such a beginning between the two preachers as we have already mentioned, little harmony was to be expected. Hooker, quiet and humble as he was in manner, was not one to yield his convictions for a moment, in deference to any opposition; and Travers, popular and self-confident, was as little likely to brook any sentiments which he considered inconsistent with the "Word and will of God." The former, consequently, had scarcely begun his ministry, when the flame of dissension broke out between them. Certain forms which Travers had introduced in the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, seem to have been among the first causes of disagreement. But they soon assailed one another's views in the pulpit, which, spoke "pure Canterbury in the morning, and Geneva in the afternoon."

Any one who would understand the grounds of this controversy, memorable, it must be confessed, more in the weakness than the glory which it casts around to distinguished names, will find them fully detailed in Walton's *Life*; and, especially, in Travers's Supplication to the Council, on the one hand, and

* A somewhat interesting tribute to the character and learning of both, and the manner in which together they represented the cause of Puritanism, is found in Fuller's *Church History*, in the shape of a letter written by Andrew Melville, with the concurrence of the King and Scottish Estates, inviting them to accept chairs in the newly-established Divinity College of St. Mary's, in St. Andrews; an invitation, however, which they declined, either because (as Fuller in his own way explains it) "they would not leave the sun on their backs, and remove so far north, or because they were discouraged by the slenderness of the salary assigned to them."—*Church Hist. B. ix., p. 216.*

Hooker's Reply, on the other, published together in both the Oxford editions of the latter. In order to understand its full merits, and, above all, the spirit which animates the respective disputants, it is necessary to study their own statements, which are, moreover, very interesting from the view which they give us of the character of the two men, and the marked contrasts which they exhibit between the Genevan theology and that of Hooker. It were a very invidious task to say upon which of them the chief blame of the contention rested. A higher spirit of love and freedom in both, would, no doubt, have found the means of averting it; but this were to demand what the age does not entitle us to seek, even in Hooker, noble and conciliatory as was his character, and far as he rose above its temper of polemic, in the quiet and thoughtful preparation of his immortal work. On looking back upon the controversy, however, we have no hesitation in pronouncing upon whose side the highest spirit, both of theological wisdom and of ecclesiastical feeling, is to be found. In these respects, Hooker stands greatly above his rival, whose narrow and one-sided views on the doctrines of predestination and assurance, and the relations of Christian feeling allowable between the Church of England and that of Rome—the main topics which the controversy embraced—are in poor and unfavorable contrast with the comprehensive, tolerant, and enlightened sentiments of the former. We do not know, indeed, that Hooker appears greater anywhere than in the theological and Christian attitude which he was enabled to hold on such questions in his age, as we see this attitude preserved in the two sermons on "The Certainty and Perpetuity of Faith in the Elect," and on "Justification," which sprung out of this controversy. Here, as well as in his Criticisms on the Lambeth Articles, we can measure distinctly how far he rose equally above his opponents and his friends,—to what a height a truly reverent spirit and a divine philosophy carried him, beyond their hard oppositions and uncharitable dogmatisms.

As rival preachers, apart from their dogmatic differences, Travers easily maintained a popular superiority. In all personal qualities of voice and manner, as well, apparently, as in the easy handling of his subject, he had the advantage. The following are Fuller's

DCCXV. LIVING AGE. VOL. XX. 22

portraits of them, respectively, in the pulpit:—

"Mr. Hooker:—his voice was low, stature little, gesture none at all, standing stone-still in the pulpit, as if the posture of his body were the emblem of his mind, immovable in his opinions. Where his eye was left fixed at the beginning, it was found fixed at the end of his sermon; in a word, the doctrine he delivered had nothing but itself to garnish it. His style was long and pithy, driving on a whole stock of several *clauses* before he came to the *close* of a sentence. So that, when the copiousness of his style met not with proportionable capacity in his auditors, it was unjustly censured for perplexed, tedious, and obscure. His sermons followed the inclinations of his studies, and were, for the most part, on controversies and deep points of school divinity. . . . Mr. Travers:—his utterance was graceful, gesture plausible, manner profitable, method plain, and his style carried in it *indolem pietatis, a genius of grace*, flowing from his sanctified heart."

One can easily realize the mental and personal differences of the men, and understand how it was that the congregation "*ebbed in the forenoon and flowed in the afternoon.*" Some, we are told, did not hesitate to ascribe the first occasion of difference between them to this cause. But all who appreciate, in any degree, the quiet wisdom and rich sense of Hooker in his writings, will not fail to concur in the pointed *dictum* of Fuller, "that he was too wise to take exception at such trifles, the rather because the most judicious is always the least part in all auditories."

The differences, however, between the rival preachers reached such a height as to require interference, or at least to give occasion for it. The archbishop interposed his power and silenced Travers. This appears to have been a harsh and injurious step, carried out in a harsh and discreditable manner. The notice of prohibition was only served upon the preacher on the Sunday afternoon, after he had entered the pulpit. The scene is so graphically described by Fuller in his grotesque fashion, that we cannot help quoting it.

"For all the congregation on a Sabbath in the afternoon were assembled together, their attention prepared, *the cloath* (as I may say) and napkins were laid, yea, the guests set, and their knives drawn for their spiritual repast,

when suddenly, as Mr. Travers was going up into the pulpit, a sorry fellow served him with a letter, prohibiting him to preach any more. In obedience to authority, (the mild and constant submission whereunto won him respect with his adversaries,) Mr. Travers calmly signified the same to the congregation, and requested them quietly to depart to their chambers. Thus was our good *Zacharias struck dumb in the Temple*, but not for *infidelity*, impartial people accounting his fault at most but *indiscretion*. Meantime his auditory (pained that their pugnant expectation to hear him preach (should so publicly prove abortive, and sent sermonless home) manifested, in their variety of passion, some grieving, some frowning, some murmuring, and the wisest sort who held their tongues, shaken their heads, as disliking the managing of the matter.”*

The Temple, it may be supposed, was not a very happy sphere of ministry to Hooker, notwithstanding the enforced silence of Travers. The seeds of discontent were deeply rooted in the congregation, and although countenanced and supported by the chief Benchers,† he met with many neglects and oppositions from the friends of his opponent. He sought a refuge from the discomforts of his position in the retirements of study; and his thoughts, taking their direction from the troubles in which he had been embroiled, he now sketched out, and laid the foundation of his great work. As the idea of it grew in his mind, and his mental life became more absorbed in it, his inclinations turned to some quiet country parsonage, such as he had formerly desired, where, without disturbance, he “might meditate,” and pray for God’s blessing upon his labors; and in his own touching language, see that blessing “spring out of his mother earth, and eat his bread in peace and privacy.”‡ He accordingly applied to the archbishop, who presented him, in the year 1591, to the rectory of Boscum, in the diocese of Sarum, and six miles from that city. Here he remained for four years devoted to his important task; and in 1594 appeared the first four books of the Ecclesiastical Polity. In the same year he was transferred to the living of Bishopsborne, near Canterbury, where he spent the few remaining years of his life, and gave to the world the fifth book of the Polity. Here he

is said to have formed an intimate friendship with Dr. Hadrian Saravia, about that time made one of the prebends of Canterbury, a German by birth, and who had been a pastor in the Low Countries. This Saravia, whose name is now so little familiar to us, appears to have been one of the most active controversialists of his day, and to have been one of the first who espoused those High Church views, a little before this time promulgated by Bancroft. The influence of this friendship is supposed by some to be discoverable in the tone of Hooker’s latter books; but after all, little can be made of this, and certainly Hooker’s principles were not essentially affected by Saravia’s reactionary notions; however, his natural tendency to conservatism of feeling may have been strengthened by personal intercourse with him.

We have a pleasing picture of his life at Bishopsborne. In study, preaching, and visiting, and a somewhat ascetic devotion, he consumed his days: a quiet man of modest countenance, low stature, and awkward bashfulness, yet nourishing lofty thoughts amid all his lowliness, and carrying on a noble strife of argument amid all his peaceableness.

“We are told that he gave a holy valediction to all the pleasures and allurements of earth, possessing his soul in a virtuous quietness, which he maintained by constant study, prayers, and meditations; his use was to preach once every Sunday, and he or his curate to catechise after the second lesson in the evening prayer; his sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal, and an humble voice; his eyes always fixt on one place, to prevent his imagination from wandering, inasmuch as that he seemed to study as he spake; the design of his sermons (as indeed of all his discourses) was to show reasons for what he spake; and with these reasons, such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade, than frighten men into piety; studying not so much for matter (which he never wanted), as for apt illustrations to enforce and teach his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications; never laboring by hard words, and then by needless distinctions and subdistinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself; but glory only to God. Which intention, he would often say, was as discernible in a preacher, as a natural from an artificial beauty. . . .

* Church Hist., B. ix., p. 217.

† Walton’s Life, Kieble’s Ed., p. 37.

‡ Ibid. p. 67.

"The innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others (scholars especially) went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired; and, alas! as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist, 'What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen?' No, indeed, but an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study, and holy mortifications; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his inactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour. God and nature blest him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days, his pupils might easily look him out of countenance; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face, and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off at the same time; and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted, and where he fixt his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended; and the reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife."

Such was Hooker in his retirement at Bishopsborne. The picture wants relief; the touches are too uniformly quiet and sad; but we have no reason to doubt its general faithfulness. Still in the prime of life, unwearied study seems to have impaired his health, and incessant thoughtfulness to have cast a shade over his spirits. Meek and pure as was his life, however, he did not escape detraction, and even something worse. The allusions of Walton to this subject, indeed, are not very intelligible; and his gossiping propensities are clearly stamped on certain features of the story; but it appears certain that notwithstanding the gravity and simplicity of his character, Hooker was the victim of a serious slander, which occasioned him long uneasiness, until, by the intervention of his "two dear friends," Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, the matter was cleared up, and his enemies made to confess that they had wronged him.†

* Walton's Life, Koble's Ed., pp. 77-79.

† We profess ourselves unable, from the statements of the Life (see p. 82), to understand the exact nature of the imputation preferred against

About the year 1600, and in the forty-sixth year of his age, he caught cold in his passage, by water, from London to Gravesend. With his constitution already weakened, he never seems to have recovered from the effects of this cold, but gradually sunk under it. The sacrament was administered to him by Dr. Saravia the day before his death: and his last thoughts were of his sins, and the "perturbations of this world," in contrast with the sublime order and peace of heaven—"the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience."

Only five of the books of Ecclesiastical Polity were given to the world, we have seen, by Hooker himself. The history of the three remaining books is a very curious one. The story told by Walton as to their mutilation, or rather as to the destruction, of the complete copies, left by the author in his library after his death, by certain Puritan ministers, used to be considered a mere piece of credulous gossip on the part of old Isaak. It is a "blind story, a true Canterbury tale," exclaimed Coleridge; * and Hallam, in his Constitutional History,† was obviously very much of the same opinion. The investigations of Mr. Keble, however, have established that whatever credit may be due to the allegation of Puritan intervention, in the destruction of the MSS., there can be no doubt that in the case of the sixth book especially, we no longer possess in its complete form what was left by Hooker. It will be necessary to examine briefly the evidence of this, and the story in connection with it, both on account of the interest of the subject itself, and the renewed light which it serves to throw on the character of his wife.

Immediately following Hooker's death, inquiry was made after his papers, by friends who had been watching with interest the completion of his work. He died on the 2d of November; and

"only five days afterwards, Dr. Andrews, being then at the court, wrote to Dr. Parry, who was, as it may seem, intimate with the Churchman family, and near at hand, requesting him to provide without delay for the security of the papers. He wrote in a tone

Hooker; and there is no light thrown upon it from any other quarter that we have examined. Fuller says nothing of it, notwithstanding his love for such miscellaneous gossip.

* Notes on English Divines, vol. i. p. 2.

† Constitutional History, vol. i. Notes, pp. 268, 267.

of the greatest anxiety, and regrets that he should be so late in giving this hint, having but just been informed of Hooker's death.*

Nothing satisfactory seems to have been elicited by this inquiry; for the next thing we learn is, that at the end of a month Whitgift sent one of his chaplains to inquire after the three remaining books,—“of which she would not, or could not, give any account.” After the lapse of some further time—three months, it is said—suspicion† having arisen, she was summoned to the Privy Council, and interrogated by the Archbishop, when she is represented as confessing,—

“That one Mr. Charke, and another minister that dwelt near Canterbury, came to her, and desired that they might go into her husband's study, and look upon some of his writings, and that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her that they were writings not fit to be seen, and that she knew nothing more concerning them.” “Her lodging,” Walton adds, “was then in King-street, in Westminster, where she was found next morning dead in her bed, and her new husband suspected and questioned for it, but he was declared innocent of her death.”

Within so short a period after her husband's death, she had contracted, it appears, a second marriage, of which, however, we learn no further particulars.

So much for Mrs. Hooker. Whatever may be the truth of the story, her character comes out of it with a very base stamp; and the unintelligible tragedy of her death only deepens the unhappy perplexity of her whole life. The question suggests itself, Could she herself have been a Puritan? and did any of the unhealed bitterness of Hooker's marriage spring out of this source? It seems undeniable, from the statement of Travers, and otherwise,‡ that family relations brought him into close connection with the Puritans: his own daughter married a Mr. Charke, conjectured to have been the same person who is mentioned in the above statement. It is simply possible that his wife, besides her natural sourness of temper and indifference to him, may have been alienated from him by the force of ecclesiastical sympathies, the intensity of which, in the peculiar circumstances of the time, we cannot well over-

rate. And does not such a view impart a ready meaning to the emphasis of certain statements in Hooker's Preface,* as well as to the distrustful anxiety regarding his papers, manifested by his friends on hearing of his death? On the other hand, it must be confessed, that the fact of his having by his will entrusted his MSS. to the charge of his wife, seems opposed to such a view. Why, as Coleridge pertinently asks, did he not entrust them to Dr. Saravia? We do not pretend for our part to clear up the mystery.

The satisfactory evidence that the MSS. were really interfered with, is to be found in the contrast which the sixth book, as it now stands, presents, not only to its design, as laid down by Hooker himself, but to its original course, as otherwise certified. The subject before Hooker in this book, according to his plan, was the Scriptural authority of lay eldership. To this subject, however, only the first two chapters, and the first section of the third chapter, have any relation. The remainder, being nineteen-twentieths of the whole, is devoted to the discussion of penance and absolution, as between the Church of England and that of Rome. That this absurd divergency from the proper subject of the book, to which he nowhere returns, did not characterize it as completed by the author, is shewn from a document published for the first time by Mr. Keble, bearing to be the critical notes of Cranmer and Sandys upon it, as submitted to them. It is known to have been the custom of Hooker to forward his work as he completed it, to his old pupils, for their advice and revision. The document is in their own handwriting; Cranmer's part filling twenty-four folio pages, and Sandys' part, which is more closely written, occupying six pages more. There can be no reasonable doubt of its genuineness; for who, as Mr. Keble says, would have ever thought such a paper worth forging? The collation of the existing sixth book, with this document, leaves no room for doubt as to its corruption. “First, it will be found that among all the notes there are not so many as four instances in which the *catch-words* at the beginning of the note occur in the text as it stands. Next, the whole subject-matter of the critical remarks, the scriptural and other quotations referred to, indicate an entirely different work. There is not a word

* Keble's Preface, p. xxi.

† Appendix to Walton's Life, p. 91.

‡ Works, vol. iii. p. 567.

* Works, vol. i. p. 153.

about penitency, auricular confession, absolving power; but (in the third place) the frame of the whole, and each particular, as far as it can be understood, implied the annotators to have had before them a work really addressing itself to the question of lay elders, and meeting all the arguments which, as we know from contemporary writers, the upholders of the Puritan platform were used to allege.*

This is the state of the case, no doubt put strongly, but resting on grounds that seem indisputable. Mr. Keble further endeavors, from the scattered hints of the notes, to sketch the several heads of the book as it must have appeared to Cranmer and Sandys; but we need not follow him into this detail, only observing, the heads correspond very well with the nature of the task which Hooker had undertaken. It seems certainly to lend confirmation to the story of Puritan interference, that it is exactly that part of the three remaining books of the Polity which would have been most obnoxious to the Puritans, which have most clearly suffered mutilation. To Mr. Keble this evidence seems decisive; but we do not feel that it is entitled altogether to remove our doubts as to the fact of such interference, at least in the manner narrated by Walton.

Of the two latter books we have a more satisfactory account. The seventh book was first published in 1662 by Gauden, Bishop of Worcester, whose name is so questionably associated with the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*. The MS. of it, he alleges in his Preface, to be undoubtedly in Hooker's own handwriting throughout. He says nothing, however, as to where he got the MS., or what he did with it, and furnishes, in fact, no clue whatever whereby subsequent inquirers might determine its authority. Its authorship and value, therefore, rest entirely on the internal evidence which it bears of having come from Hooker's own hand; and Mr. Keble, from obvious reasons, considers this evidence as very complete. Upon the whole, there seems no reason to doubt that it is the genuine production of Hooker. The course of argument and flow of style clearly indicate this. But, at the same time, it must be borne in mind, that, if a real, it is at the best, as indeed Mr. Keble admits, a "mutilated and imperfect relic;" and its special statements as to the Divine

authority of Episcopacy, must accordingly be received and judged, if not with any definite qualification, which is by no means necessary yet in the full light of the general reasoning of the first three books.

The eighth book originally appeared along with the sixth, in 1651. Additional fragments were published by Dr. Barnard in his *Clavi Trabalex*, 1661. Some of these passages were incorporated by Gauden in his edition, and the book further enlarged and compiled from apparently distinct sources; he added also a new fragment on the Limits of Obedience to Sovereigns. Such was the very imperfect state of the last book, previous to the labors of Mr. Keble. His very careful researches, founded on four different MSS., drawn from different quarters, Oxford, Cambridge, Lambeth, and Dublin, have issued in a text to some extent new—in his own words "widely at variance" with the previous texts "in very many material points; many portions being added, some few omitted, and the parts which remain transposed in such a manner as to form, on the whole, an entirely new arrangement."* The fragment added by Gauden on Civil Obedience is not incorporated with the book, as it had been by previous editors, but subjoined in an appendix.

Hooker's great work may be contemplated in two main points of view: in its general, philosophical, and literary character; and in its special polemical import and value. It is just its glory that it presents this twofold aspect of interest to the reader; that it remains a monument, not only of past controversy, but of the highest philosophical and literary genius. It is this latter character alone which gives it that weighty and time-honored renown, and that classical position so universally conceded to it. It is this which makes it a living study now, while the works to which it was opposed, as well as that of Whitgift, which preceded it, are only subjects of research to the Christian historian. Had it been a mere repertory of ecclesiastical polemics, however able, it would have long since passed into the comparative oblivion by which these have been overtaken, or rather, it would never have emerged from the predestined obscurity which awaits all merely polemical writing. But, animated by the light of a divine philosophy, and pregnant with a life of Thought, which clothes itself in the no-

* Works, Editor's Preface, pp. 27, 28.

* Works, Editor's Preface, p. 35.

blest forms of language, rising often into the most ripe and swelling eloquence, it at once took a rank in our literature, from which we can never conceive it displaced, however little interest may come to be attached to many of the special discussions which it embraces.

We see the influence of this higher character of Hooker's work strongly shown in the manner in which it is spoken of by Mr. Hallam.* It is the presence of a great mind dealing in the most profoundly philosophical spirit, with questions so easily narrowed by prejudice, and debased by faction, that above all interests such a critic. It is with the Treatise of Cicero, *De Legibus*, that a comparison at once occurs to him, of the English masterpiece, on the Foundation and Origin of Laws—the first book of the Polity. Upon the whole, Mr. Hallam would assign the palm to the Ciceronian Treatise, for dignity and force of language, and conciseness and rigor of reasoning, but he admits the latter to be "by no means less high-toned in sentiment, or less bright in fancy, and far more comprehensive and profound in the foundations of its philosophy."†

Hooker's philosophical characteristics, as here indicated, are, profundity and comprehensiveness, combined with patience and calmness of reflection. He does not light up his subject by any vivid flashes of thought nor startle by the force and quickness of insight with which he seizes hold of its deeper truth; but he never fails, in his own more elaborate way, to reach to its very ground, and lay open its foundations, and, moreover, to trace it out in all its windings, slowly, and sometimes even tediously, yet with the hand of a master, who knows it all well, and therefore is not impatient to complete his work. This largeness of handling is his one most distinguishing attribute. His mind did not work by strong and sudden impulses, leaping with irresistible force to its conclusions, but by calm and laborious processes, tending silently yet surely thereto.

The meditative character of his life confirms this view, as well as both Fuller's and Walton's description of his preaching. It is not the facile and overflowing speaker that we contemplate, but the rapt and abstract student, restrained and hesitating with the weight of his subject, his eye not kindling

with answering and sympathetic emotion, but fixed in dreamy introspection on the great ideal or outline of thought with which he is laboring. Hence, too, the frequent prolixity of his reasoning, in many cases returning upon itself, and only after repeated accumulations, again unfolding in linked and rolling sequences. For the clearness of his argument, and the more exact conveyance of his views, it would have been well, certainly, as Mr. Hallam observes,* using a phrase in itself very felicitous, but not strictly applicable—that we had "a little less of the expanded palm of rhetoric, and somewhat more of dialectical precision;" but, with more definiteness we could not have had that very amplitude of research, and exuberance of language, which constitute the chief distinction of Hooker. And even when he is most voluminous, when he most tarries, and returns upon himself in his course of exposition, or expands into his most copious statements, "rhetoric" scarcely expresses what will be found instinct with meaning in all its involutions, and touched with power even to its extremities. It must at the same time be admitted that Hooker's prolixity sometimes loses itself in confusion of ideas, and the indiscriminate use of general terms.† There are parts of his reasoning which, probably wrought out with great effort by himself—tracing a thread of living but tangled connexion in his own mind—must be very carefully and even laboriously, examined by the reader, before they can be taken up in all their dependence and conclusive force. This is more especially the case when he is seduced into the meshes of some merely scholastic discussion.

As a writer, perhaps, even more than a thinker, Hooker marks an era in English literature. If not the creator of English prose, he was the first of its masters, as he remains to this day among the greatest of them. Four books of the Ecclesiastical Polity preceded the publication of Bacon's Essays, by a few years; and, acknowledging to the full what had been already done by Latimer in his Sermons, and Sir Philip Sidney in his Arcadia, we must accord to Hooker the prime honor of working out the capacities of that language, which, with Bacon and Shakspeare, was about to reach,

* Lit. of Europe, vol. ii. p. 166.

† Do. Constitutional History, p. 231.

* Lit. of Europe, vol. ii. p. 167.

† Do. Constitutional History, vol. i. p. 234.

all at once, its consummate development. The extent of merit which here really belongs to our author, may be seen by turning from his great work to the writings of Cartwright and Whitgift, on the same subject, so immediately preceding. The comparative roughness and barrenness of their style, even when it is vigorous and animated; the want of any approach to that elevation, and dignity, and grace of movement, in which our author rejoices; stamp the progress which the language had made in his hands. In fullness and majesty, combined with pregnancy, and richness, and felicity of expression, the style of Hooker remains, indeed, unsurpassed. That of Bacon's Essays is more idiomatic, and terse, and intense in its meanings; but it does not move with the same swell, it does not rise to the same grandeur. It is more close and flexible, more living and expressive, throughout; but it does not carry along the same freight of eloquence, nor gather to itself the same splendor of utterance. And, certainly, in the supreme quality of harmony—at once the most subtle in its secret, and the most obvious in its presence, of all gifts of language—Hooker is singularly pre-eminent. While adding statement to statement, and clause to clause, along a series that seems extended to confusion, there will yet be found, through all, a proportion and sequence which, when well read, fall upon the ear like music. He is nowhere discordant, and but seldom confused; and now and then the chime of his many-toned sentences breaks forth into a sustained and overpowering chorus.

The First Book of the Ecclesiastical Polity will always remain, as it deserves to be, the most generally read and admired. Here, in the lofty region of moral inquiry, with which the book is throughout engaged, the genius of Hooker was most at home. The largeness of spirit and wide range of thought, so characteristic of him, found in this region full scope. The consciousness of the nobler elevation to which, from his whole point of view, he was carrying the wearying, and often degrading, controversy of his time, brought forth to the full all his powers, and displayed them in their happiest exercise. It is the same shining and ample intellect, and the same calm and judicial

wisdom, that meet us throughout the work; but here, in a congenial atmosphere, the mind of Hooker rose to its sublimest height, and expatiated with its grandest force and compass of reasoning. Nowhere, in the literature of philosophy, has ethical and political speculation essayed a profounder and more comprehensive task—sought to take, at one flight, a broader sweep; and never, we may safely say, has the harmony of the moral universe, and the inter-dependence and unity of man's spiritual and civil life, in their multiplied relations, been more firmly seized, and more impressively expounded. The distinct character of the book, moreover, and its comparative completeness, have served to give it, by itself, a position and renown, which somewhat overshadow the others. It is a vestibule so magnificent, and here and there so richly adorned, that many, in their admiration of it, delay, or care not, to enter into the less inviting and intricate argumentative structure to which it leads.

The conception of such a plan of argument as Hooker's First Book embraces—a plan of argument underlying the whole structure of the work, and giving to it its pervading meaning—could only have sprung up in a mind of genuinely philosophical tendency and power. Amid all the din of controversy around him, there was no clear discernment of principles. Many talked of the truth, as he himself said, "which never sounded the depth from which it springeth." To such a mind as his, however, there could be no rest, save on a broad and comprehensive basis of philosophy. The particular controversy as to ecclesiastical order and ceremonies, only found its true importance in connection with the whole subject of law and order. It was only from a fundamental inquiry into the "grounds and original causes of all laws," and carrying out the conclusions to which such an inquiry leads, that he could go forth with interest to the settlement of the special questions before him.

Beginning, therefore, from "the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain," he inquires into the First Law Eternal,—“the order which God before all ages hath set down for himself to do all things by.” The ground of all being is at once Law and Life, Reason and Personality,

working in most exact order, yet knowing what and why it worketh. This great Theistic principle is firmly seized and expressed by him. He holds with a fine hand the balance of truth, which has so often, on this deepest question, been allowed to swerve to the one side or the other; vindicating at once the harmonious necessity of the universe, and the living spring of personal agency that moves in it all. There is to him in all things no deeper meaning than *law*. A mere arbitrary will is wholly foreign to the essential idea of God; yet a mere blind necessity is still more foreign. This idea only attains its full illumination when apprehended as a Personal Agent, working "not only according to his own will, but the counsel of his own will."

This First Eternal Law,—the everlasting order-laid up in the bosom of God,—comes forth in diverse manifestations, adapted to the different kinds of things subject to it, and through which it is expressed. There is first of all the Law of Nature,—of the ever-revolving mechanism of inanimate objects. Nothing can be finer or grander in its way than Hooker's whole conception of the vast order of nature. No positivist-poet or philosopher ever expressed a more sublime admiration of its undeviating harmony,—its silent and ceaseless march; yet acknowledging to the full, the naturalistic conception, he is not content for a moment to rest in it. It draws from him an eloquent awe; but all this the more, that he sees in it not a direct necessity, but an articulate revelation of the Divine will. Nay, so vividly, and in its highest form, does he seize this truth, that he beholds in nature the unconscious working out of a Divine pattern or archetype; and in the light of this idea—now scientifically verified by the genius of an Owen and a Sedgwick—the more adores the Living Presence operating in all.*

Following the law of nature comes the Celestial Law, or "that which angels behold, and without any swerving observe;" and here, as he rises to the full and animating thought of the harmony of heaven, he kindles again with his subject, and breaks forth into one of his richest and most swelling passages:

"But now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were) from the footstool to the throne of

* Works, vol. i. p. 209.

God, and leaving these natural, consider a little the state of heavenly and divine creatures. Touching angels, which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces, where is nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontents, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon; but all joy, tranquility, and peace, even for ever and ever, doth dwell. As in number and order they are high, mighty, and royal armies, so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them: such observants they are thereof, that our Saviour himself being to set down the perfect idea of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray or wish for more than only that here it might be with us as with them it is in heaven. God which moveth mere natural agents as an efficient only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy angels: for, beholding the face of God; in admiration of so great excellency, they all adore him; and being rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave inseparably for ever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness, maketh them unwearable and even insatiable in their longing to do by all means all manner of good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men: in the countenance of whose nature looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves; even as upward in God, beneath whom themselves are, they see that character which is nowhere but in themselves and us resembled. Thus far even the Paynims have approached; thus far they have seen into the doings of the angels of God. Orpheus confessing that the fiery throne of God is attended on by those most industrious angels, careful how all things are performed amongst men; and the mirror of human wisdom plainly teaching, that God moveth angels even as that thing doth the man's heart, which is thereunto presented amiable. Angelical actions may therefore be reduced unto these three general kinds: first, most delectable love, arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only unto spirits that are pure; secondly, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend; thirdly, imitation, bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace.*

He then enters upon the consideration of

* Works, vol. i. pp. 212, 213.

the Law of Reason,—“the binding principle of reasonable creatures in this world.” This opens up to him a wide field of ethical disquisition, in which he treats of the several functions of the will and reason in man. The will is the moral capacity in man which brings him into relation to his appropriate moral good. He has this capacity over and above the sensible capacity, common to him with the lower animals, because he is fitted for a more divine perfection, and craves therefore a higher good than what belongs to them. Reason is the director of the will,—the light of the soul. Whereas the rule of nature is simple necessity; that of beasts an instinctive judgment of sense; and that of angels an “intuitive intellectual judgment concerning the amiable beauty and high goodness of that object, which with unspeakable joy and delight doth set them on work. The rule of voluntary agents on earth is the sentence that reason giveth concerning the goodness of those things which they are to do.”* It is the office of reason, therefore, to discover the good to which man’s higher nature is adapted,—the laws which at once regulate and express its activity. This it does in various ways, and by various signs or tokens, which our author discusses at length. There is some intricacy and confusion in his argument here; but its general effect is, that there are clearly discoverable by reason certain axioms or principles of morality, which are universally binding, and to which the conscience answers as its appropriate rule and life. These moral laws witness to themselves in the orderly and happy lives of those who conform to them, just as the works of nature are all “behoeful and beautiful, without superfluity or defect.” The prevailing infraction of even the principal of these laws among certain nations, is not allowed as any evidence against their universal validity, but is attributed to “lewd and wicked custom, which beginning perhaps first amongst few, afterwards spreading into greater multitudes, and so continuing from time to time, may be of force even in plain things to smother the light of natural understanding.” There is a true and substantive moral law, therefore, according to Hooker, discoverable in the light of human reason, and binding upon human conduct; and in the relations which man bears to this the law of his nature, he is

† Vol. i. p. 228.

contradistinguished from all other creatures in the world. In his case alone is observation of law righteousness, and transgression of it sin. It is the moral reality of a living will in man that makes the difference. “Take away the will, and all acts are equal.”*

The law now mentioned binds man simply as man. Its force is irrespective of society; but out of the fact of society there springs up a set of correspondent laws. The ground of domestic society is found in human wants; the ground of political government in human crimes. The natural fountain of law and authority in the former case, is the father of the family; in the latter case, lawful authority can only be exercised by consent of society itself, or by the immediate appointment of God. These are the only two genuine sources of political power which may assume different forms, but in all its forms rests *ordinarily* on the same ground, the express or implied sanction of the community. A governing power resting on any other ground, save the special one of direct Divine appointment, is most strongly repudiated by Hooker; and here, as has been often pointed out by Mr. Hallam and others, he clearly anticipated the theory of Locke. As the origin of government is thus traced to popular assent, so all laws for its regulation and control have the same rightful source, and no other. The language of Hooker on this subject is so forcible, that it well deserves quotation:—

“The lawful power of making laws to command whole politic societies of men belongeth so properly unto the same entire societies, that for any prince or potentate, of what kind soever, upon earth to exercise the same of himself, and not either by express commission immediately and personally received from God, or else by authority decreed at the first from their consent upon whose persons they impose laws, it is no better than mere tyranny. Laws they are not, therefore, which public approbation hath not made so. But approbation not only they give who personally declare their assent by vow, sign, or act, but also when others do it in their names by right originally at the least derived from them. As in parliaments, councils, and the like assemblies, although we be not personally ourselves present, notwithstanding our assent is by reason of other agents there in our behalf. And what we do by others, no reason but that it should stand as our deed,

* Cod. Justin. 968, quoted by Hooker, vol. i. p.

no less effectually to bind us, than if ourselves had done it in person.”*

Further, as there are laws appropriate to civil societies in themselves, so there are laws appropriate to these societies in their relations to one another, viz., International Laws. And the allusion to them leads him to speak of the necessity and propriety of laws of spiritual commerce between Christian nations—“laws by virtue whereof all churches may enjoy freely the use of those reverent, religious, and sacred consultations which are termed Councils-General.”

Finally, there are the laws specially revealed by God in Scripture for our spiritual guidance and government—Laws Supernatural to direct and control man in the way of salvation, which he has wholly lost by nature. Under this head Hooker, according to his wont, runs into a general and elevated vein of discussion, pertaining to the true and only blessedness of man in communion with God; how man has fallen away from this blessedness through guilt, and how it is restored to him in Christ. He considers the fact of so many laws of reason being republished in Scripture, and dwells upon the advantage of this in brightening our frequently dim natural perceptions, and guiding us in circumstances of particular difficulty. He is thus led to enlarge on the benefit of traditional Divine law, and of Holy Scripture, the perfection of which—wherein nothing is superfluous amid all its variety—he extols in a rich and eloquent passage.

Here he brings to a close the course of his general reasoning, and approaches its bearing upon his special subject to which it will be found to have a very intimate relation, far away as it may seem to have begun from it. Having enumerated the various laws that obtain among men, he now enters upon the consideration of their particular force and character. In all these several kinds of laws there are sundry both *natural* and *positive*,—that is to say, both arising out of the personal and social necessities of human life, and prescribed by external authority for the guidance of that life. They are in error therefore, who make those laws only to be positive that are of man's invention, attributing mutability to them and to them alone. Certain Divine laws are no less positive and mutable in their nature. The real ground

† Works, vol. i. p. 245, 246.

of mutability or immutability in laws, to be found, in fact, not in their origin, but in their character. They are permanent or changeable, not according as they proceed from God or man, but “according as the matter itself is concerning which they were first made. Whether God or man be the maker of them, alteration they so far forth admit as the matter doth exact.” This is the point towards which Hooker has been aiming in his extended discussion:—

“Wherefore,” he adds, “to end with a general rule concerning all the laws which God hath tied men unto; those laws divine that belong, whether naturally or supernaturally, either to men as men, or to men as they live in public society, or to men as they are of that politic society which is the Church, without any further respect had unto any such variable accident as the state of men, and of societies of men, and of the Church itself in this world is subject unto; all laws that so belong unto men, they belong for ever; yea, although they be positive laws, unless being positive God himself which made them alter them. The reason is, because the subject or matter of laws in general is thus far forth constant; which matter is that for the ordering whereof laws were instituted, and being instituted are not changeable without cause, neither can they have cause of change, when that which gave them their first institution remaineth forever one and the same. On the other side, laws that were made for men, or societies, or churches, in regard of their being such as they do not always continue, but may perhaps be clean otherwise a while after, and so may require to be otherwise ordered than before, the laws of God himself, which are of this nature, no man endued with common sense, will ever deny to be of a different constitution from the former, in respect of the one's constancy and the mutability of the other. And this doth seem to have been the very cause why St. John doth so peculiarly term the doctrine that teacheth salvation by Jesus Christ, *Evangelium æternum*, ‘an eternal Gospel,’ because there can be no reason wherefore the publishing thereof should be taken away, and any other instead of it proclaimed, as long as the world doth continue: whereas the whole law of rites and ceremonies, although delivered with so great solemnity, is notwithstanding clean abrogated, inasmuch as it had but temporary cause of God's ordaining it.”*

In this paragraph lie the germ and ground of the whole reasoning of the Polity. Laws are such durably, according to the matter

* Works, vol. i. p. 274, 275.

which they concern, whether they proceed immediately from a Divine or human source. It is not the mere fact of their revelation in Scripture which determines their permanent obligation. This can only be determined by a consideration of their whole character, and those circumstances in human life which they were intended to meet.

The question of the direct origin of laws was, in fact, from Hooker's whole point of view an indifferent one. For all law was to him only such, as forming an expression of the original Law or Reason of the universe; and whether this expression was found directly in Scripture, or in human reason and life, it did not matter; its sacredness was equally the same, as springing out of the Fountain of all light and order. This unity of Nature and Life and Scripture, as all alike true, if not alike important revelations of the Divine will, is really the foundation of Hooker's whole argument, although it is more implied than distinctly asserted by him. It is this comprehensive and germinant idea underlying its entire scheme and breathing life into it—inarticulate sometimes, but not the less powerful,—that gives to it its great force and mastery. It was on this ground above all that it met Puritanism, and proved its higher spirit and strength against it.

According to what we have already seen, it was the great aim of puritanism in the more radical form into which it passed with Cartwright and others, to enforce its plan of discipline as expressly laid down in Scripture, and alone compatible with it. Scripture was maintained to be the sole authority not only in matters of faith, but of ecclesiastical order. Its fundamental principle, as expressed in the Admonition, was that "those things only are to be placed in the Church which the Lord himself in His word commandeth."

* Quotation from Ap. Whitgift's Works, vol. i. p. 176.—It may be well to add the following emphatic statements from Cartwright:—"And it is no small injury which you do unto the word of God, to pin it in so narrow room, as that it should be able to direct us but in the principal points of our religion; or as though the substance of religion, or some rude and unfashioned matter of building of the Church, were uttered in them, and those things were left out that should pertain to the form and fashion of it; or as if there were in the Scriptures only to cover her nakedness, and not also chains, and bracelets, and rings, and other jewels to adorn her, and set her out." . . .

"Is it likely that he who appointed, not only the tabernacle and the temple, but their ornaments, would not only neglect the ornaments of the

On this exclusive scriptural basis the Puritans took their stand, and felt themselves firm in the character of the ground on which they stood. Their persistent keenness of purpose and stubbornness of resolution, as well as impatience of zeal, took their rise greatly in the fact that they thus supposed themselves in possession of the only ground of truth and law in the matter at issue. Destitute—as the spirit of Puritanism every where is—of speculative breadth and comprehension, and keeping their views closely within the limits of Scripture, they got a certain clearness of vision and intensity of aim from the very narrowness of their point of observation. Whitgift had so far in his reply to Cartwright taken the right view in opposition to them. He contended that while "the substance and matter of government must indeed be taken out of the word of God," yet "the offices in the Church whereby this government is wrought are not namely and particularly expressed in the Scriptures, but in some points left to the discretion and liberty of the Church, to be disposed according to the state of times, places, and persons."* He met the Puritan assertion by a simple negation; his thoughtful sense and shrewdness enabled him to see beyond the narrowness of that assertion, and practically as a question of policy he had no difficulty in dealing with it; he felt that thus far it was false and untenable. But he did not see further; he had no philosophic vision of any higher principle on which to meet the Puritans, and, while resisting their immediate purpose, to enlarge the sphere of moral and political contemplation, and carry men's minds up to a more catholic unity of truth. It remained for Hooker to do this in the whole conception of his work. He saw still more clearly than Whitgift that the question confined to the limits of the Puritan basis, could only be one of endless polemics, while not shrinking from encountering it on this basis, according to a statement that has been often quoted from him; † but not con-

Church, but that without which it cannot long stand? Shall we conclude that he who remembered the bars there, hath forgotten the pillars here? Or, he who there remembered the pins, here forgot the master-builders? Should he there remember the besoms, and here forget archbishops, if any had been needful? Could he there make mention of the snuffers, to purge the lights, and here pass by the lights themselves?"—*Cartwright's Reply*, pp. 14-31.

* Whitgift's Works, vol. i. p. 6.

† Whitgift's Works, vol. i. p.

teut with a mere negative attitude, he sought by the native instinct of his mind some loftier and more comprehensive position from which he could discharge new elements of truth into the controversy for its possible settlement. Granting, he virtually said, that express Divine laws are only warrantable guides in the ordering of the Church,—admitting so far the Puritan postulate,—yet laws are Divine not merely because they are found in Scripture. All true laws are no less Divine, as springing out of, and resting on the same source as those of Scripture—the eternal Divine Law. To show this, was the simple and grand object of his First Book. For this “he had turned aside from the beaten path, and chosen, though a less easy, yet a more profitable way. Lest, therefore,” he adds, in language that admits of no mistake, “any man marvel whereunto all these things tend, the drift and purpose of all is this, even to show in what manner, as every good and perfect gift, so this very gift of good and perfect laws is derived from the Father of lights; to teach men a reason why just and reasonable laws are of so great force, of so great use in the world, and to inform their minds with some method of reducing the laws whereof there is present controversy unto their first original causes, that so it may be in every particular ordinance thereby the better discerned, whether the same be reasonable, just, and righteous, or no.”* The particular laws in dispute therefore, whether or not they had the express authority of Scripture, might have a clear Divine sanction. They might have a valid authority both in their proper substance and their direct origin, viz., the consent of reason expressing itself in the national feeling and will. For the eternal Divine Law as truly if not as perfectly expresses itself in this way as in Scripture. The question then came to be in this point of view, not merely what is laid down in Scripture, but what in all respects is conformable to right and reason, and the consecrated usage of history, springing out of the exercise and development of the Christian consciousness in the Church.

This vein of thought runs throughout the Ecclesiastical Polity, and alone gives it coherence. The key to its philosophy, it is moreover the only principle that connects the several links of its polemic. For having in

the first book cleared the way by showing the sacredness of all true laws, whether derived immediately from Scripture or not, he proceeds in the two next books to deal with the distinct assertions of the Puritans—first, that Scripture is the only exclusive rule of human life; and, secondly, that in Scripture there must be of necessity contained a form of church polity, “the laws whereof may in no wise be altered.” It was necessary for him, in the nature of the case, to deal definitely with both of these assertions. For the first plainly met the whole course of his preliminary reasoning; and the second, leaving the general question unsettled as to the force and propriety of other laws save those given in Scripture, yet left no margin unsettled in the particular matter under discussion. If Scripture contained a definite and unalterable church polity, it was of no avail to show what force and sacredness attached to laws in general. By proving, however, that Scripture was not the exclusive rule of human action, nor yet necessarily the exclusive source of church polity, as the Puritans contended, he left full room for his opening argument to tell. The controversy expanded beyond the mere limits of Scripture, into the broad field of reason, national feeling, and historical usage. It became, in short, a question of what was behoveful and beautiful, and becoming in itself, and in all the circumstances of the case; and the remaining books are simply devoted to the elaborate proof against the several assertions of the Puritans, that the existing order of the Church of England answered to the full the conditions thus dictated by a true expediency, as well as warranted by apostolical tradition.

We have discussed at such length, and with so much care, the main trace of Hooker’s argument, not only because it is that which is most important in itself, but because it is that which has most living relation to existing Church questions. It is instructive clearly to understand the position taken up on such questions by one so profound in thought, and so reverent in spirit, as Hooker. Of what consequence some in our time have thought his opinions, has been strongly displayed by the eagerness with which they have sought for corroboration of their own in his pages. It is far from our intention to disturb the expiring embers of a controversy that has spent itself, as all wise men saw

* Whitgift’s Works, vol. i. p. 277.

from the first it could only spend itself, in the hot flame of Romanism on the one hand, or the poor smoke of mediæval dilettantism on the other. Yet it may be necessary in contrast to the different extremes of ecclesiastical opinion, somewhat more particularly to consider the views of our author.

In questions of church government and authority it will be plain to a little examination, that there are only two fundamental views of a positive character tenable,—the one of which rests on a basis of theoretical ecclesiasticism,—and the other on a basis of practical Christian order. The former asserts that the government of the Church is a polity divinely instituted once for all, and in its form definitely revealed and established. The latter maintains that this government is no less divinely instituted, but that the grounds of its institution are found not merely in Scripture, but in the Christian reason, and the development of that reason in the history of the Church. The one, in short, upholds an exclusive *jus divinum*, the other rests on what has been called in modern language *expediency*, with which term we have no quarrel, save that it has been degraded to base meanings, quite inconsistent with what we here intend.

Theoretical ecclesiasticism may assume very different, and, in fact, opposite manifestations. In the sixteenth century its characteristic manifestation was Puritanism. The Puritans were beyond all question the church theorists of their day. They were the assertors of the *jus divinum* in church government, and the first Protestant assertors of it. Their very name still bears testimony to this, if their history throughout were not a living witness to it. Their essential belief was that they alone were in possession of the *pure* truth of God, derived from Scripture on this subject, and their persevering aim was to apply their exclusive view of this truth to the government of the Church of England. It is notorious, and admitted on all hands, that this idea of an exclusive Divine right was utterly unknown to the early defenders of the Church of England. Jewell was contented to occupy the ground of Christian expediency in his Apology; Whitgift, we have seen clearly, took up the same position against the Puritans; and Hooker, only on larger and philosophic principles has laid

down the same basis. Christian expediency became in his hands the true *jus divinum*, resting not on one-sided interpretations of Scripture, but on the broad ground of the common Christian sense, verified equally in the light of Scripture and of Christian history.

It is needless to urge in opposition to this certain special statements extracted from the mass of Hooker's work as to the Divine right of Episcopacy, and the special authority of the Christian Ministry.* To any one who really understands Hooker's position, there is no inconsistency in such statements. It is at once granted that he contends for the Divine right of bishops, as he no doubt profoundly believed in that right; but he does not contend for it on the ground that this right is expressly revealed and exclusively taught in Scripture, so as to be everywhere and at all times incumbent on the Church. Such a view is not only inconsistent with explicit statements,† but what is far more important and satisfactory to every thoughtful reader, with the whole conception of his general argument. Episcopacy was simply to him a true and proper expression of Divine order in the Church; whereas the Puritans maintained it to be a usurpation or corruption, he maintained that it rightly represented the spirit and meaning of the primitive Apostolical system, and even that all the variety and grandeur of offices in the Church of England, was only a rightful development of that system. This is a clearly rational view, resting on grounds of common sense and Christian judgment, whatever we may otherwise think of it. Such a system of ecclesiastical polity may be well founded or not; but it plainly does not claim to be of exclusive Divine institution, definitely proclaimed from Heaven, and therefore universally paramount over the conscience and Christian reason. On the contrary, it directly seeks its origin and sanction in the assent

* Keble's Preface, p. 71, et seq.

† "So perfectly are these things (of faith and salvation) taught, that nothing can ever need to be added, nothing ever cease to be necessary; these (matters of ecclesiastical polity), on the contrary side, as being of a far other nature and quality, are not so strictly and everlastingly commanded in Scripture but that unto the complete form of a Church Polity much may be requisite which the Scripture teacheth not, and much which it hath taught become unrequisite, because we need not use it,—sometimes, also, because we cannot."—Vol. i. p. 408-409; and vol. iii. p. 231.

of that reason, as expressed in the "whole church visible," which is declared to be "the" true original subject of all power* within the Church.

Such a system is utterly at variance with the modern High-Church theory, whose fundamental idea is the exclusive Divine right of a three-fold ministry, without which the Church can nowhere exist. Episcopacy is with it, not merely as with Hooker a valid expression of Divine order in the Church, but truly the Church itself. Government by bishops and archbishops is not only a divinely-warranted polity, but a polity so peculiarly Divine, as to be of the very essence of the Christian revelation. Without Episcopal sanction, no rites of the Church can be validly administered; apart from such sanction they are not only deficient, but they are not at all. For all spiritual blessing and sacramental privilege are inseparably bound up in certain forms rightly dispensed, and this dispensation is only right, as it derives its authority from Episcopal ordination. Grace descends in a definite external channel, which is called apostolical succession, and beyond this channel it does not circulate, or at least we have no warrant for its doing so. What are called the "uncoventanted mercies of God," may prevail beyond the sphere of Episcopal influence; but those Divine mercies, which are yea and amen in Christ, are alone to be found within the consecrated shadow of this influence. This is the pure High-Church theory, whose logical termination is everywhere Romanism; and it is of the utmost importance to discriminate between this theory and the mere assertion of Episcopacy as a rightful form of Church government. The two views are divided by the whole circumference of reason, the one representing theoretical ecclesiasticism in its most extreme shape; the other being merely one form of upholding the great truth, that the Church is divinely warranted, in the light of Scripture and of reason, to govern itself as may be most suitable to the time and circumstances in which it is placed.

This, the really catholic position, controverted by the Puritans of the sixteenth century in behalf of Presbyterianism, and earnestly maintained by all the early defenders of the Church of England, is the very same

which has been controverted by the Tractarians in our own day, on behalf of Episcopacy. Already, indeed, in the age succeeding that of Hooker, principles had changed sides; * and the Anglican clergy were found fighting the battle of the Church with the weapons of Puritanism. Laud and his supporters became, in their turn, the Church theorists of their day,—so strange are the reactions of history. To this poor inheritance succeeded the late Oxford party, who marked their succession by a zeal and ability worthy of a better cause; but, once more, in the movement of thought, this extreme of ecclesiastical opinion is disappearing,—and necessarily so. Reversing, as it does, the essential nature of the Church—making it *ritual* instead of *moral*—*form* rather than *life*; resting logically only on this *πρωτον γενος*, it is its inevitable destiny to sink, with the advancing tide of human reason, into the abyss of all false theories.

But while Hooker is thus to be distinguished from one extreme of ecclesiastical opinion he must equally be distinguished from another. If not a High-Churchman in any modern sense of these words, neither is he an Erastian, in the common acceptation of that term. While no theorist in church

* We are sensible of the inference that may be drawn from this, and has in fact, although more in an implied than a direct manner, been drawn by Mr. Keble, viz., that Hooker's work contributed not a little to the change. The same notion is favored by the admiration which James I. and Charles I. are known to have expressed of the Ecclesiastical Polity, and the story of James II. ascribing his adoption of Roman Catholicism to the impression made upon his mind by Hooker's Preface. The inference, however, while it has such apparent support, is really destitute of foundation. The misinterpretation of Hooker's principles and reasoning—and they are easily capable of misinterpretation by those who approach their study without any of the spirit of philosophy which distinguished their author—combined with the mere tone of his language here and there, may have served to countenance the growing change of opinion which, even in his own day, we see represented by Bancroft and Saravia; but to this change the real meaning of his work, not only as it has been interpreted by us, but by all without a preconceived theory to support, is utterly opposed. The fact simply is, that Hooker, while defending such truly philosophical principles as we have described, has the appearance, as it has been well said—"owing to the vast extent of his generalizations, and his constant reference of all things to a primal law of God, of conceding a Divine origin to regal and sacerdotal power; and thus (however unintentionally) he announces a transition to the less noble and philosophical doctrines which distinguished the leading Churchmen of the next period." (Tayler's Religious Life of England, p. 64.)

government, he yet profoundly believed in the distinctive reality of that government, and its Divine necessity, as a preservative of Christian blessing and privilege. It is true that he acknowledges the Sovereign to be the supreme earthly head of the Church of England, and, with a view to this, maintained, as the great argument of his concluding Book, the *identity of Church and State*; but, whereas Erastianism,* as commonly understood, makes the Church, in all things, the mere creature of the State—a mere part of its general organization—Hooker simply maintains, that there is no essential distinction between the two, so that, in a truly Christian nation, they would be practically indivisible. The one view absorbs the Church in the State; the other, more truly, absorbs the State in the Church. The one presents a pure negation of all peculiar Church life and authority; the other contains the most positive assertion of both, by identifying them with the national life and will, where these have become thoroughly Christian. The one, in short, says, there is no Church; Church prerogative is a mere political indulgence; Christian privilege a mere civil arrangement. The other says, the Church represents the highest social order on earth; and, therefore, in the case of a Christian nation, it is identical with the national order and government. "A commonweal is one way, and a church another way, defined, yet they are not perpetually severed;" but, on the contrary, unite, and practically become one, at their highest point of development. A view such as this, elaborately defended by our author, and associated in our own day with the illustrious name of Arnold, is certainly not to be confounded with the so-called Erastian denial of the Church as a Divine institution altogether.

And as Hooker was strongly opposed to such a mere negative view of the Church on the political side, he was no less strongly opposed to views essentially of the same negative tendency, though springing from

* No term is really more ambiguous, but the popular acceptance of it certainly implies all that we have attributed to it. The special point of Erastus' teaching, as has been often pointed out, consisted in the refusing of all right of excommunication to the Church. From this root—a vile enough one certainly—have sprung up all the deadly associations connected with Erastianism, which is properly speaking not a theory of the Church at all, but a No-Church theory.

directly contrary motives. While honoring the right of private judgment and the claims of the Christian reason, he was yet deeply at variance with whatever tends to make religion a mere personal matter, and the Church a mere arbitrary selection of individuals, seeking the evidence of their Christian fellowship rather in the conscious witness of their own internal nature, than in their participation of common Christian benefits. All such views, which have since developed into Quakerism, and other extreme forms of Dissent, and which, no less really than Erastianism, tend to destroy the Church in its corporate existence, and educative position and value,—to make it a mere collection of special voluntary organizations, adhering together under local accident and conventional impulse, overlooking those associations and influences which bind it, under whatever diversities, into a vast historical institute—a consecrated community life—all such views were utterly alien to his sympathies. No one, on the contrary, ever more vividly or sacredly realized the grandeur of such associations and influences, and the living force of Christian education, and the gathering glory of Christian blessing that reside in them.

Of Hooker as a theologian, we have scarcely left ourselves room to speak; and yet in no capacity is he greater. His mind, indeed, has been sometimes supposed to be eminently legal or political. His reputation as a Christian jurist and philosopher, has overshadowed his reputation as a theologian. But his real eminence consists not in the predominance of judicial qualities of mind, although these he possesses in high perfection, but in the combination of these qualities with depth of Christian insight and profundity of doctrinal comprehension. As a theologian, no less than as a philosopher, he is singularly comprehensive; embracing in his capacious view the double aspect of all revealed truth, and with characteristic English healthiness and ripeness of spiritual culture, always preferring a complete and living aspect of a subject to any mere dogmatic exhibition of it, however dialectically clear and well-defined.

In no respect does he appear to greater advantage, as compared with one whose illustrious name does not occur in any degree as a rival, but to whose teaching and influence

his own was undeniably felt in his day, as it must be still more obviously felt in ours, to present a contrast. In mere robustness of hard intellect, in critical acuteness and logical power, and undeviating trenchant skill of argument, Calvin out-matches Hooker; while in mere truth and intensity of Christian feeling, the Genevan Reformer is by no means behind; but he is certainly far behind in the geniality of that feeling, and in the catholic freedom and elevation of his views. Recluse as both were in their habits, and ascetically laborious in their lives—too much so not to have missed some elements of happy development in their own minds, and therefore of happy and harmonious sway over the minds of others—Hooker, in his mental and spiritual growth, yet kept closer to *life* than Calvin, and therefore closer to truth. He saw and felt more clearly, that the force of human logic, terrible and encompassing as it is, is no measure of the realities of human existence, nor yet of the possibilities of Divine grace. And, accordingly, while accepting, as all Protestant theologians of his time did, the general system of doctrine known under the name of Calvinism, he at the same time contended strongly against the rigorous following out of this system; along pathways where the intellect of man merely stumbles in darkness, and into results against which his moral instincts rise up in unconquerable rebellion. These pathways did not deter Calvin, nor these results shock him, carried along as he was by the inexorable march of a reasoning faculty which subdued all before it. But Hooker's more poetic and concrete nature, gentler temper, and really larger reason, shrunk from such cold audacities of logic; and in order to be more truly rational, he was content to be less ratiocinative.

The very first controversy in which Hooker engaged, arising out of the sermon which he preached at St. Paul's Cross, concerned the limitations which he felt impelled to place upon the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination; and the prime source of argumentative difference between him and Travers sprung out of the same doctrine. It is not worth our while now to advert to the special character of these limitations,* or to weigh their polemical value. This may be small, as for

* See Keble's Pref., p. 102, also Eccl. Polity, vol. ii. p. 216.

our own part we are not indisposed to admit, but they serve sufficiently to indicate Hooker's theological bias. This bias however is fully seen, and his practical and comprehensive wisdom most impressively manifested in his series of Criticisms on the Lambeth Articles.*

Hooker's views on Justification, defended at length in his discourse on this subject, which will repay careful study, shows the same tendency to reaction against the extreme doctrines of the Genevan school. There was no point perhaps which both the Swiss and German reformers were disposed to insist upon in a more one-sided manner than this, and naturally so in the first excess of the reaction against the Popish doctrine of works. There was no point certainly on which they felt more sensitive, as to any opposition offered to their opinions. This may be forcibly seen in Calvin's treatment of Osiander, in the Third Book of the Institutes; † where, with a singularly intense, we had almost said, savage keenness, he assails the divine of Königsberg, and his views on this subject, which, however exaggerated and false in some respects, really pointed to a deeper and more comprehensive truth than that which Calvin opposed to them. Hooker, with his peculiar tendencies, was strongly alive to any Antinomian extreme that might lurk in the mode of stating the doctrine of Free Grace; and accordingly, while specially repudiating the Romish view of infused righteousness, and clearly distinguishing between justification and sanctification *in re*, he betrays great jealousy of any supposed separation between them *in tempore*. He presents very felicitously the harmony of Faith and Works—the divine circle of salvation—which in our dialectical statements we necessarily break up and analyze into its parts, but which is really *one* in life, and only in its living totality, represents the truth of God.‡

Besides such special points of controversy, in the main external to his great work, Hooker enters at large, and with characteristic expansiveness on the highest Christian doctrines, in the course of his Fifth Book; and the reader who would fully appreciate his mingled learning and wisdom as a theo-

* Keble's Preface, pp. 102-106.

† Chap. xi.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 508.

logian, his reverence and yet his penetration, his profundity and yet his caution, must study his disquisitions on the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Sacraments. If in any respect we feel a want of sympathy with these disquisitions, it is in the excessive deference which they sometimes manifest to the mere authority of Christian antiquity—the quality which constitutes to Mr. Keble their chief charm.

Viewing him altogether, Hooker must always remain one of the greatest names of the past; great as a theologian, yet more

than a theologian; illustrious in the annals of the Church of England, yet still more illustrious in the general annals of philosophy and literature. He possessed and has embalmed in his work that living soul of truth and power of lofty eloquence in its expression, which only get fresh glory as ages gather, and amid whatever changes of opinion remain strong, and admirable as ever. Throughout life, save the few years he spent in the Temple, a retired student and hard-working parish priest, he has made his name memorable in English history, and his genius one of its proudest boasts.

THE ORGAN-BOYS.—The *Times* has issued an ukase for the abolition of Italian boys and barrel-organs. It has found a sympathizing faction in the person of "A Suffering Woman," and two or three more correspondents, who describe the domestic inflictions of the barrel-organ. One of these letter-writers assumes the part of the Executive and suggests a mode by which Italian boys or men with organs may be made to "move on." A Suffering Woman writes a letter that might form a chapter in that ingenious work *The Miseries of Human Life*; but we are not aware that the most morbid of valetudinarians, or the most worried of pattern house-wives, has ever confounded *The Miseries of Human Life* with *The Whole Duty of Man*. "E. A. R. S.," the practical statesman of this party, describes the tactics for the campaign against the Italian boys—

"Let every student supply the little boys of the house wherein he lodges with a tin pan and an iron spoon; when a musician or noisemaker of any sort appears, let them at once surround him, and on their successfully driving him by their superior noise from the street let them be rewarded liberally by the committee."

So that the legislation of the party decidedly ascends to Lynch law.

Let us allow that the organ is frequently a nuisance. It may intrude upon the quiet of the sick-room, or distract the student whose head is not strong enough to concentrate his ideas upon the business in hand. It may "aggravate" the pattern woman "in sorting the things" on Monday or casting up the morning's bills. It may injure the business of the music-master, if it intrude upon his hour; and it may suspend the domestic concert, if its overbearing strains strike up while the family piano and choir are in full swing. These are annoyances; but after all, is the infliction without its compensation? Is the Italian organ-grinder without his "mission"? Would he exist and multiply, as he does, if he had none? The organ tribe is at least a self-supporting institution, and it must have its price or it could not go on. Is its mission unintelligible to us? Has it not carried, with more or less imperfection but with a

decided progress of its own, the very pick of the finest music in the world to the humblest homes throughout the whole country? We have seen remarks upon the ruffianly oppugnance of the adult organ-grinder; but in truth, rude as they look, the men and boys from Palermo and Como carry amongst the humblest of our people no unpleasing specimen of the most kindly and gracious manners in the world. The very way in which the Italian boy receives the small copper dole, with a radiant smile of gratitude and a graceful gesture, is a lesson in bienséance that has perhaps been not altogether lost upon our working classes. At all events, that which is the nuisance of the few is the recreation of the many. If the piano, whose strains do not reach beyond the walls of the room, has to be suspended, the very same ideas are diffused throughout the attics and kitchens the back rooms and courts of the whole neighborhood. It would not become the "Upper Ten" to interfere; for the barrel-organ is the orchestra of the Million.—*Spectator*.

SIX SONGS,—the poetry by Prof. Longfellow, set by J. L. Hatton. (Addison & Co.)—It is not wonderful that the verses of the American lyricist should tempt composers: yet many of them are hardly tractable for music. Here is "The Rainy Day" set to a mournful lament, none the worse for a certain monotony. "Twilight," which breaks off with a question, is less happy—owing, perhaps, to the very incompleteness of the verbal structure. The "Song of the Bell" is musically bold, and emphatic—but for what voice can it have been written? "Whither?" is dreamy and elegant. "The Spanish Serenade," though set gracefully, has been better set by Herr Hiller; though the burden—

"She sleeps,—my lady sleeps,"

offers heavy difficulties to composer and to singer. It must either be evaded, or, as in Herr Hiller's setting, a sibilant iteration is produced trenching on the verge of what is grotesque. Had Mr. Hatton read his author more carefully, he would not have run his burden into one unbroken musical phrase.—*Athenaeum*.

BELOW AND ABOVE.

Down below, the wild November whistling
Through the beech's dome of burning red,
And the Autumn sprinkling penitential
Dust and ashes on the chesnut's head.

Down below, a pall of airy purple,
Darkly hanging from the mountain side,
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring
O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above, the tree with leaf unfading
By the everlasting river's brink,
And the sea of glass beyond whose margin
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

Down below, the white wings of the sea-bird
Dash'd across the furrows, dark with mould,
Flitting like the memories of our childhood
Through the trees, now waxen pale and old.

Down below, imaginations quivering
Through our human spirits like the wind,
Thoughts that toss, like leaves about the wood-
land,

Hopes, like sea-birds, flashed across the mind.

Up above, the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand,
Each some work sublime for ever working
In the spacious tracts of that great land.

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity free from anxious terror,
Larger Love without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burden'd with a grand majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwineth
With eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church, to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the sacrament.

Up above, the burst of Hallelujah,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapp'd around us like a sunlit halo),
The great vision of the face of Christ.

Down below, cold sunlights on the tombstones,
And the green wet turf with faded flowers,
Winter-roses, once like young hopes burning,
Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers.

And the new-made grave within the churchyard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it dusketh,
Rocking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above, a crown'd and happy spirit
Like an infant in the eternal years,
Who shall grow in love and light for ever,
Order'd in his place among his peers.

O the sobbing of the winds of autumn !
O the sunset streak of stormy gold ;
O the poor heart, thinking in the churchyard,
Night is coming, and the grave is cold !

O the pale and plash'd, and sodden roses !
O the desolate heart, that grave above !
O the white cap, shaking as it darkens,
Round that shrine of memory and love !

O the rest for ever and the rapture !
O the hand that wipes the tears away !
O the golden homes beyond the sunset,
And the hope that watches o'er the clay !

—*Dublin University Magazine*

November 1, 1857.

EVENING RHYMES.—BY A MAN OF FEELING.

How sweet the perfume in the streets
About the hour of six one meets ;
The steaming soup, and savory stew,
Commingle with the rich ragout !

What nasal bliss to me afford
The odors from that kitchen stored
With condiments so choice and rare
As venison roast and jugged hare !

The homely peasoup here I smell,
And there the richer vermicell ;
While haply next-door I inhale
The sweetest perfumes of ox-tail.

Such fragrance as the turtle yields
Were meet for the Elysian Fields ;
No nectar fume could rival that—
Rare Oderous essence of green fat !

Soon of fried sole a sniff I get,
And turbot makes me happier yet :
While the red mullet down the street
Renders my ecstasy complete.

'Tis useful too by frequent smellings
To note the fare in friendly dwellings,
Green hath a savorless cuisine—
I would not care to dine with Green.

At neighbor White's a smell of pickles
With souring twinge my nostril tickles ;
Cold meat I love not : therefore *Mem.*
To be engaged when asked by them.

Nor do I envy neighbor Jones
His devilled chops and grill'd bones :
The sniffs I catch on bid me hurry,—
Bad meat is oft-cooked with curry.

But ah ! my bump of friendship's big
For Brown, who loveth sucking pig !
It wafts a fragrance so divine,
I die to enter in and dine !

Here lovingly boiled fowl I sniff,
Or of stewed oysters catch a whiff ;
And there at once my practised nose
Tells me to pot the calf's-head goes.

I smell a goose at Number Ten,
And feel the happiest of men :
Until the odorous grouse next door
Bid me on goose reflect no more.

In short, where'er my steps I wend,
New fragrances my nose befriend ;
E'en now my nasal memory dwells
With rapture on those evening smells !

—*Punch.*

From The Dublin University Magazine.

THE STUDENT.

A STORY OF BLEN CATHERA.

I.

THERE is a little street in the city of London, running off from one of its greatest thoroughfares, and filled all day with the thunder of wheel and hoof, wherein, although business of large firms is carried on almost in every house, no cab nor cart can pass another, so broad is the pavement, and so narrow is the roadway. The houses are so tall that the slant rays of the sun can never reach down to their lower stories; and at high noon-day so much do they overhang with their huge penthouses, from beneath which the cranes haul their mighty burthens from below, that there is very little light in Blank-street even then. Dark and hideous enough it is throughout the winter time; the very snow, before it reaches the footway, is black and rotten-looking, and indeed can scarcely be said to fall at all, but drops down in a half-melted state from the projecting eaves upon the passenger by day, and in the night-time keeps awake light sleepers with its monotonous thud. Nor do the many shadows in Blank-street keep it cool in summer time, for the air itself can scarcely find there any room to stir: a very unpleasant place of residence, upon the whole, for twelvemonth after twelvemonth of existence; and for all the hurry of commerce and throng of population about it, exceedingly resembling the being buried alive. But generations had been born, and lived, and died, in Blank-street, without feeling its suffocation too intense, or indeed very inconvenient; they had made money, and more money, and more still, which is a very agreeable occupation, for all the years of their life. And when they had all but made as much as they desired, when there wanted but a very little to complete the handsome competence which was never quite handsome enough to retire upon, then—they died. The one or two exceptional cases of men of business there, who had withdrawn their names from this or that firm in time, and had bought them houses elsewhere, out of the din of town, were not of a nature to encourage others to do the same. They had got tired of what to them was any thing but ease, in a few months, and would often come up in their private broughams, or be dropped at

the corner of Blank-street by the omnibuses, to hunt the close, dull office, or the dusty warehouse, in which they had no longer any concern.

The Brothers Treadwill, Candle Manufacturers, had had premises in Blank-street for the last hundred years, and had no intention that any one had ever heard, of vacating them for the next few centuries or so to come. Their own wicks had been in reality long burnt down; they had both been dead and buried years ago, but in their name the business still went on, and flourished under the management and sole control of one Obadiah Spanall. One of the brothers had married, and begotten two children, whose sex, however, was far from being satisfactory to their progenitor; nor was it until the two young females were themselves wedded, and the younger had borne a son, that the firm recovered from its disappointment, and expressed itself as satisfied. Nor indeed was this to be wondered at; for although, when a great landholder has no male offspring, it is no such great matter, inasmuch as a girl can succeed to any amount of property as well as a boy, a tallow manufactory must needs have a masculine head to superintend it, and Mr. Obadiah Spanall was just the man. He had married the eldest daughter, Rachael Treadwill, who was childless; and Mr. Henry Favor, his sometime partner, had married the younger, Lucy. This latter gentleman was an easy-going, unbusiness-like person, given to hospitality to a degree that would have become a bishop, but with an undiscerning profuseness of welcome that gained him no friends. A kind husband, a loving father, and a jolly companion, Mr. Favor was yet rather a useless partner in the tallow trade. If he had not left every thing in Obadiah's hands, he would have been a positive hindrance; as it was, he was far from being a help; and when he slipped out of this mortal mould, and was put in "store" in the churchyard, the Treadwill Brothers, Candle Manufacturers, flourished all the better for it. He had appointed his surviving partner, Mr. Spanall, to be the guardian of his boy Harry, then about fourteen years old. And the childless Obadiah, who, for all his rugged nature, liked the lad almost as his own son, was fully determined to do his duty by him. This mainly consisted, in the old man's eyes, in diligently teaching him his trade, and in

admitting him into partnership with himself when he should have reached the proper age; at which time certain moneys would become due to him, which meanwhile the firm had the advantage of using. The boy had been hitherto, Obadiah considered, somewhat spoilt, in being permitted to read almost any book he pleased, and to shut himself up alone in his bedroom, or elsewhere, to copy sketches—an amusement of which he was particularly fond. Beyond this, and from what he saw of him sometimes after dinner, when he always behaved well and respectfully, Mr. Spanall, although he had so great a regard for the youth, knew little of his pursuits and character. About a week after the father's burial, he sent for the boy into his little sanctum, a glass-case within the warehouse, where now only one of the two stools remained occupied, from whose elevation all who went and came, and nearly all that was done in the vast place, could be observed, and thus addressed him.

"I hope, my lad," said he, pointing to the vacant seat, "to see you, in the fullness of time, in that honorable place yonder, well fitted to keep up the credit which our firm has so long enjoyed in this great city. Your father has left you in my charge, to be, of course, brought up to this business, which he, poor fellow, had not the advantage of being brought up to, and which he could never properly take to in after life. If he could have done so, he would have died a richer man. It will be my task to see that you shall be differently qualified. You have been permitted, in my judgement, to remain too long at school, employed in studies from which you can derive little practical benefit. You have been indulged in too many gratifications, and particularly in that of indiscriminate reading, which I must henceforth prohibit. The day-book and the ledger will be now your principal literature. I will consult with your mother upon what pursuits may be advantageously permitted to you for your relaxation. Seven o'clock in summer, and eight o'clock in winter, are the hours at which I shall expect your attendance at the manufactory. You will serve an apprenticeship to every branch of the business, so as to acquire a thorough knowledge of your future profession; and for the first year or two at least, I trust I shall hear no requests for holidays,

which, in a lad of your temperament, will only unsettle and dissatisfy."

If the old gentleman, at the same time that he was performing his duty so accurately and at so early a stage, had permitted his natural feelings to have expressed themselves he would have intermingled with these severe admonitions some affectionate, or, at least, kindly remarks: he would have tempered the dry strictness of his manner, and have waited now and then for an interrogation, or even for a respectful remonstrance upon the part of his young charge; but he was that sort of clear-headed, but really dull person, who opines that business is business, and that any other element intermixed with it is weakness and not business. When he had quite finished, he asked the boy if he had anything to say, very much as a judge with the black cap in his hand might ask a criminal whether he had any declaration to make before the passing of his sentence of death. And poor Harry Favor replied, "Nothing, sir;" but, with his large blue eyes overflowing with tears, he ran up to his mother's room, and said there a great deal. He declared that he would do anything she wished him to do; but that he knew she would never ask him to live for two long years amidst the abominable smells about the tallow-shop, and far less to give up his beloved books, that would then be the only solace left to him. Rather than be shut up, summer and winter, in such a place, he would much prefer being employed to keep the birds off beautiful green fields, such as those his father had been accustomed to take him to upon Sundays. And many other boyish things, he said, and foolish suggestions he made, which, however, from the earnestness of his language and manner, were by no means to be considered meaningless, or unworthy of attention. His mother, loving soul, was moved enough by them, and promised compliance with his wishes as far as she was able to help him; which, however, she knew better than her boy, was not, after all, any great guarantee of success. Mrs. Favor was an affectionate but weak-minded woman; accustomed, by her late husband's example, to look up to Mr. Spanall for counsel about everything; and his strong will had always borne down what little opposition she had ever ventured to make. He thought her a

fool, and treated her not a little contemptuously. And Mrs. Spanall, his wife and master, by no means contributed to check this conduct. She was envious of her younger sister's good looks, and passionately jealous of her having borne a son, while she, the elder, remained barren and hopeless of offspring. As in some Roman Catholic countries, persons in her situation, and old maids in despair of husbands, are said to be seized with the desire—a long time undeveloped—of becoming brides of heaven, or nuns, so Mrs. Spanall in later years had become, in the Protestant communion, one of those unhappy persons who, under pretence of devoting themselves to religion, divest themselves as much as possible of human love and human sympathies; and sisterly affection was one of the earliest virtues which she had dropped upon her new road. She was hard-hearted, and she thought she was well-principled; she was jaundiced, and she thought herself dead to all the pleasures of this world. Displeased with her husband's liking for young Favor, and foreseeing with her woman's acuteness that the boy would not easily be put into the working harness that was prepared for him, she had warned Mr. Spanall not to give way an inch. "The child has a spirit that must be subdued," said she: "and a worldly hankering after light and frivolous pursuits, which it is your duty to restrain." To all outward appearance, however, she abstained from interfering in the matter at all. The two ladies lived in the same old house over the manufactory; and, although they had different apartments, met every day at the same dinner table. And Mrs. Spanall knew the value of peace and quietness too well to risk an open quarrel, which a mother, however timid, is always ready to enter into with one of her own sex on behalf of a son. Mr. Obadiah, therefore, had a private interview with Mrs. Favor, and easily persuaded that lady to let her boy try the candle business for six months at least, after which they would decide the better upon his fitness for that trade. There was nothing very hard in this proposition, had it been a genuine one; but Mr. Spanall had secretly determined that at the end of that probation Harry Favor *should* be qualified to pursue the matter; while Mrs. Spanall was equally resolved that he should be made to pursue it whether he was qualified or not. Nor would

even this, perhaps, have been very injudicious, however dishonest, in the case of five boys in Blank-street out of six. Professions are not made for the young, so much as the young for professions; and a very little training will often make a good merchant of a lad who has conceived a fanciful desire for the law, or even a respectable clergyman of another, whom "Tales of Pirates" may have filled with a fanaticism for the sea. Unfortunately, Harry Favor was a very strong exceptional case indeed. His imagination was unhealthily active; he had great talents, but they did not lie at all in the money-making direction; he had application but to those things only in which he felt a passionate interest; in a word, he was what is usually understood by the term—a genius. And there was not a soul in Blank-street who was the least likely to find it out. How sad is it that the universal world should agree to gird at these unfortunates, who are, as it at the same time admits with a sort of mock compassion, the enemies of no one but themselves! Is it that we are really envious of the possession of this terrible faculty, which causes a man to be misunderstood from the cradle to the death-bed, and to be acknowledged prince among his fellows, if at all, only in the grave? With Respectability often born of Shame, and maintained by its illegitimate father, Hypocrisy, for a whole life-time; with Prudery, infamous parody upon true Purity, there are scarce any who dare venture to be merry. But at the Divine gift which falls to the lot of one perhaps in ten thousand, in after time to bless the rest in heart, and soul, and brain, no clumsy quill-driver but blurs his venom out. Poor Harry, in the tallow-shop, was not a whit more accepted than the rest of geniuses. Such a claim would scarcely have been allowed in the dipping-room; and even that far greater one, in the respect of his companions, of being Mr. Spanall's nephew, was neutralized by the disfavor with which as they soon discovered, his aunt regarded him.

"My husband wishes the boy to be treated like the rest," said she to Mr. Brown the foreman. "See that this is so, if you please," and the foreman took care to see to this accordingly. The other boys employed in the place, like most boys when they get together in any number, were coarse and cruel. When

they were not recreating themselves with hanging cats, by means of pounds of candles for make-weights, they were plastering tallow upon Harry's curling hair. They called him "Tallow Fnd," because he was so thin and pale, poor fellow. Indeed, to place a sensitive, graceful-minded lad among such young ruffians as these, was but too like putting some delicate little white mouse into a wasp's nest.

II.

THE mere smell of the melting-room was absolutely sickening to Harry Favor, nor could he ever get over it; nor was there a single compensatory circumstance to make up for any of these disagreeables; when he had done his work well, he had but done his duty; when ill, he was sure to be reproved for it. "How are you getting on, my boy?" said his uncle to him upon one occasion only, and, reading the unmistakable expression of the lad's countenance, he had not waited to hear the answer. His sole delight was now in the company of his mother; to her, in the welcome evenings, he repeated whole poems which he had committed to memory before his books had been so ruthlessly taken away from him, and she listened, albeit she was far from understanding them, with greedy loving ears. As for his graver studies, in which, at a small school in the neighborhood of Blank-street, he had shown a great proficiency, he was still permitted to work at them after business hours. For his years, and considering the adverse circumstances under which he was placed, he was a tolerable scholar; his classical reading was pretty extensive; and what he had read he not only understood but appreciated; he knew what history was, for he could master Tacitus; he had warmed himself at the source of poetic fire, and loved Homer well.

Such a lad did not confine himself to the study of the works of others only, we may be sure, but had himself rare thoughts, intoxicating, mystic, wonderful, which he expressed more or less intelligently with his pen. Upon his garret window in Blank-street, hedged in by miles of lath, and brick, and plaster as it was, the moon and the quiet stars still sometimes shone. Unhappy, fervent, harrassed by loathsome toil, shut out from all natural beauties, the firmament was indeed a heaven to him. Those lovers of nature, who are compelled to pass their lives

in crowded cities alone, can tell us how great a blessing are the stars; how full of love and pity are those tender orbs which seem to lean over the watcher of the skies by night and drop him balm. Under their light it was that Henry Favor poured out his young soul in what were sometimes sadly unrythmical stanzas, but none the less dear to him than are ill-formed children to their mothers. Upon one unhappy occasion, when the boy was at his work as usual in the drying room, a thought occurred to him such as, prudent young poet as he was, he was very anxious not to forget. And not only did he then and there transfer it to paper, but, becoming enamored of it to an extraordinary degree, he stole some fourteen minutes or so clean away from the tallow-trade, in order to put the same into rhyme. The other boys stopped their work also to look at him and point in derision; and their sudden cessation attracted the notice of Mr. Brown, who, in another moment, had snatched the effusion out of the hands of its composer and transferred it to his own possession. It was not, perhaps, a very valuable production intrinsically; but, in the eye of Mr. Brown, it had not the slightest signification whatever. Even if he had known that it had been suggested by a pretty little water-colored picture which Harry's mother had recently presented to the boy, it is improbable that he would have understood it much better; and had it been completed instead of being, as it was, unfinished, it is quite possible that he might not have been clear about it even then. These were the few lines the foreman held up so triumphantly out of the reach of the poor boy's stretched-out arms, and which he read aloud for the public benefit with many a sneering annotation:

"Stay, stay, in the bay,
Underneath the summer sun,
Where the shallop moves not on
For the little waves at play!

"The keel moves not along,
But the shadow of a motion
From the blue and gleaming ocean,
Like the echo of a song,

"Sways it, soothes it, aye;
Where the norwind never blows—
Where the hills fend off the snows,
Stay, stay, in the bay!

"Heed not——"

"Heed not the tallow-trade, I suppose you were going to write, young gentleman," ob-

served the reader, when he finished the perusal amidst roars of laughter. Favor had hung his head down for burning shame; but he looked up a moment with eyes of fire at this gibe.

"Give me back my verses, you scoundrel," cried he.

"Not till Mr. Spanall has seen them," rejoined the foreman, reddening in his turn, and has heard the term you have chosen to apply to me, sir."

The outraged authority went straight to the glass case, and told his story to the principal. The boys were hushed—the whole of the vast workhouse ceased to buzz during that solemn moment. Mr. Obadiah had been seen to shake his head as though in doubt what course should be pursued, and the spectators began to fear a compromise, when down the staircase, rarely used by the female members of the family, which led through the upper apartments through the shop, came Mrs. Spanall, equipped starchy as if for walking abroad. Seeing something had gone wrong she joined her husband and the foreman instead of going out into the street; then the three had a very long conference. The lady was heard by those nearest the cage to say, "I insist;" three times, and once, "it is for the boy's good, I tell you." Presently she walked down the shop and out of it, with the air of one who, whatever it cost her sympathizing heart, had been performing her duty. Immediately afterwards Mr. Spanall, accompanied by his foreman, walked up to the spot where the young poet was still standing—a grove of candles surrounding him upon every side—and in the hearing of the whole company addressed him thus; the old man it must be remembered was of the old school, and an apprentice was in his eyes exactly what a schoolboy is in the eyes of his master. "You have applied to this gentleman, young sir," said he, "an epithet for which you deserve the severest punishment. If you suppose that because you are my nephew you can behave as you please here, and with impunity, you will find yourself very much mistaken. If you do not at once apologize —" The foreman, who had a thin cane in his hand, here whispered to Mr. Spanall, but that gentleman waved him away with a expression of disapproval. "If you do not apologize, I repeat, Harry, I shall consider

it my duty to delegate to Mr. Brown the office of chastising you for your impertinence." The boy looked up in his uncle's face as though to seek there for a gleam of tender irresolution, but all the mercy of the old man's nature had been expended in that offer of an alternative which had so disappointed the offended party; he looked up into the foreman's face, and detected there only a glance of malicious triumph. "Will you apologize, boy?" roared old Obadiah. The lad looked passionate denial, and the foreman lifted his cane. "Once more, will you—" But before Mr. Spanall could make this second appeal, the impatient cane came down with a vicious whizz upon Harry's shoulder, and the next instant a huge bundle of moulds, six to the pound, hit the foreman between the eyes and rolled him over. The whole incident did not take more than a couple of seconds, and when that time had elapsed the boy was gone. Violence of this description was utterly foreign to Harry Favor's character, as astonishing to himself as it was unsuspected by the spectators. He hated the foreman, he hated the boys his companions; he had only a cold respect, untinted with love, for his uncle; but he would probably have still submitted to the proposed degradation but for the two reasons—first, that it was a public one, and secondly, on account of the insult offered to his poem. His foot was on the stairs to go up to his mother's room and pour his sorrows out to her ear; but something, perhaps pride, perhaps the consciousness of her want of power to help him, forbade that. He went out through Blank-street into the mighty thoroughfare beyond it, and roamed about the roaring Babylon with a bitter heart. In the meantime the discomfited foreman picked himself up and wiped his face; and the astounded Obadiah, not finding his glass case a sufficient protection from the many wondering eyes, betook himself to his own apartment to wait till Mrs. Spanall came home. He had an uneasy sensation that he had been acting injudiciously and harshly; and he wanted a strong restorative of that kind to persuade him that he had not; "Obadiah," said the lady when he had divulged his awful intelligence, "do you know how to get into this boy's room?"

"Why, of course I do; he never locks his door, nor closes a cupboard, nor shuts a

drawer; for the matter of that, he is the most careless poor fellow of all the human species."

"What should be done then, first, if you want the boy to be tamed, Mr. Spanall, is to collect all his wicked verses and his pictures, and all that renders him unfit for attending to his business, into a great heap, and to burn them." She said this very coolly, and weighing every word of it as though she were a doctor prescribing for a patient seriously ill.

"Well, we can't take them without letting the lad know of it, I suppose," said Mr. Spanall, testily.

"Why, not?" replied the lady with great suavity, "where is the difficulty?"

"I can't do it," said Obadiah with extreme emphasis; "I can't, that's all."

"I never shrink from my duties," retorted his better half, "however unpleasant they may be;" and off she went to the poet's little garret, with all the pleasure of which her nature was capable. Although it was so small, and perched as it were at the very top of the house among the tiles (which was dear aunt Rachael's arrangement), it was a very pretty little room indeed. Over the chimney piece, the book-case, and the bed hung charming water-color sketches, at that time far rarer things than they are now. One of these—a harbor sloping up into full foliaged meadows, and defended from the waters of a stormy lake by two huge firm clad rocks; at their feet, and perfectly sheltered from the tossing waves, was a little skiff with a young lad standing up in it, and watching the breakers outside very wistfully—was the subject of Harry's unhappy verses. All these Mrs. Spanall took down, and made a heap of them and of some drawing books which were lying about the floor; then she winnowed the bookcase of its Latin and Greek authors, as well as of such English works as she considered to be disadvantageous to the system, leaving only a few wholesome books for instruction and edification. Finally she picked up a manuscript here and a manuscript there, some lines written out in a beautiful clerkly hand in a blank-book, and some others scribbled off hastily upon scraps of paper. She poked in the drawers and found more lines, and she opened the desk that stood close by the bedstead, and took many pounds of verses out of that. She could not stop to

make a heap of these, her curiosity to look at them was so overpowering; but as she hastily perused one here and there her brow grew blacker and blacker, and every now and then she could not restrain herself, as it seemed, but tore the offending poems into pieces and flung them into the fire-place or out of the window. She was thus employed upon one of poor Harry's favorite effusions, when she suddenly became conscious of somebody's presence in the apartment; her back was to the door, but she knew very well who the incomer was by the step; and, notwithstanding the purity of the motive which actuated her in her present employment, Mrs. Spanall colored up to the eyes.

"What are you doing, Rachael?" asked Mrs. Favor, but by no means in her usually submissive tones, "what are you doing, sister, in my boy's room?"

"I am doing the lad good," replied Mrs. Spanall, recovering herself a little; "I am about to destroy his foolish verses, and the books which have led him astray from the right path."

"Put those papers down, Mrs. Spanall; do you hear me, woman? Put down these papers, and shut up that desk immediately."

The burglarious lady hesitated a moment, and then did as she was bid. Her face was white, and her teeth were set so very hard that she found it difficult to speak these words. "You will repent this, Lucy Favor. I wash my hands of you and yours from henceforth; Mr. Spanall will come and speak to you, and, perhaps, you will hear reason then." With that she swept out of the room, taking care not to touch the hem of her sister's garment in her passage. Mrs. Favor regarded her firmly, with the air of a valiant hen whose nest has been invaded and whose eggs are threatened by a rat; with feathers ruffled, with eyes flaming all defiance, she stood until she heard the retreating steps die away down stairs, and the door of the Spanall sitting-room slammed to; then she sank down pale enough into her Harry's chair and burst into tears. News had been brought to her of something dreadful having happened in the factory, and she had come up stairs thus opportunely with the intention of comforting her boy. She knew not what was the extent of his misdemeanor, but now that she had not found him she began to fear the worst; the insult offered to him and her by

Mrs. Spanall, and the unpleasant interview just passed were now clean forgotten, and the sorrow on which her heart was dwelling solely was this, "They have driven my poor dear Harry to run away."

III.

HARRY FAVOR, however, had by this time no intention of leaving home thus summarily, and, to do him justice, the thought which had turned from this, his original purpose, was that of the misery which he felt such a step would entail upon his mother. It was the only really pious feeling which the lad possessed. He had a great share, indeed, of those vague devotional impulses, which all persons of his constitution are more or less endowed with; but of practical religious principles he had absolutely none. There was, if we may use such an expression, more raw material for religion in the boy than in all the population of Blank-street put together; but the sort of culture to which he had been accustomed was especially unsuited to him; it would not have hurt, it perhaps would have benefited the whole of his young companions; but to him it worked positive harm. To be made to sit perfectly still on Sundays, through three long services, besides the morning and evening extemporaneous effusions of Obadiah in his own house; to be forbidden to employ himself in any way pleasurably upon the Sabbath day; to be fumed at when he was inattentive, and to be cuffed when he went to sleep, were things distasteful to him enough. But besides this, his aunt Rachael was perpetually interlarding her conversation with remarks which she intended to be improving, but which in reality were of a very opposite nature indeed. Whenever an act of particular harshness was about to be performed by that good woman, she would usually proceed to justify it by a text prepared after some Procrustean method of her own to fit the case. The great message of good tidings had been always proclaimed to him as though it were the words of blackest doom. He had confused, as the young are ever apt to do, the teacher and the tenets together, and the result was that another beautiful and kindly nature was fast joining that unhappy band, whose Christianity, if it deserve that name, is altogether without creed. His mother was the only mortal priest who had any influ-

ence over him in this respect at all; and her habitual submission to the expressed opinions of Mr. Spanall, even upon sacred subjects, weakened her power greatly. Sometimes, in his or her own room, she would put her arms around his neck, and speak to the wayward boy as only a mother can; but her words passed away almost with the occasion for uttering them. After many hours aimless walking through the crowded city, resolving many things angrily in his mind, the boy turned homeward, and trod the stairs that led to his mother's sitting-room with a heavy heart, but one prepared for her sake to bear much and strive to carry out the good advice which he knew would there be given to him.

His hand was upon the latch when it was arrested by the sound of a voice from within, which was at that moment especially unwelcome. The serious conversations between his mother and Mr. Spanall had been hitherto invariably conducted in the apartments of the latter, with Mrs. Spanall sitting by to jerk a text in occasionally with that theological shovel, her tongue; but Obadiah was now in Mrs. Favor's room.

Although aunt Rachael was just now decidedly afraid of her sister, and Mr. Spanall was always in some awe of his good lady, the logical conclusion of much more than was Mr. Spanall afraid of Mrs. Favor by no means followed; that gentleman was mightily indignant that his wife should have been so discomfited, or at least that, having been discomfited, she should have given him the rating which she subsequently did. He was savagely wroth with Master Harry for having been the cause of it all, and very far from being in a humor to spare the widow herself. To his extreme surprise he found Mrs. Favor by no means in her normal submissive state. "Give me my son," cried she, in answer to all his remonstrances, "you tha have driven him from his home. Give me back my son!" And, indeed, the lad had been missing for a considerable time, and the night was coming on apace. If, therefore, the young gentleman at the door had taken advantage of his situation, as many far better principled folks would, without doubt, have done, and not put in an appearance until the enemy had come to terms, they would probably have been made very favorable to himself; but, perceiving his dear

mother to be almost choked with sobs upon his account, he would not give her another moment's anxiety, but opened the door almost at once, and rushed into her arms. The tide of triumph began, of course, to roll directly against him. "You wicked lad, who, having committed a crime, will not submit to punishment, but give your mother torture by pretending to run away, a thing that you have not the courage for——"

"I have," cried the boy, interrupting.

"Why didn't you, then?" roared Obadiah, in a towering passion.

"Don't make my mother cry, sir," replied Harry, almost as loudly. The lad had passed, in the last few hours, through one of those mental changes which are not less sudden sometimes than the physical, and was full five years older than he had been the day before. "This is not *your* room, please to remember, Mr. Spanall." The tallow merchant was almost taken of his legs with astonishment.

"Am I to understand, Mr. Harry, that you tell me—me, to leave this room?"

"Yes, sir," screamed the youth, supporting Mrs. Favor with one arm, and ringing the bell violently at the same time. "Don't you see that my mother has fainted?"

After this scene three entire days passed without any intercourse whatever taking place between the two families, during which Harry, who had quite determined not to go back, at any hazard, to the shop, enjoyed himself at his favorite avocations; but his mother was, she scarcely knew why, exceedingly apprehensive. Upon the fourth day, a note was received from Mr. Spanall, requesting Mrs. Favor's presence in their common dining room.

"You shall not go without me, mother," said the boy, with determination. So they both went down to the interview.

Mr. Spanall's character, although he was a perfectly just man by nature and in the business sense, was harsh and inflexible, if not absolutely cruel. He was not often nor easily offended; but when he was so, he rarely forgave. His wife during these three days, had been fortifying all his prejudices, and shutting up all avenues of pity leading to his heart; more than this—so nearly do the extremes of Jesuit and Protestant fanatic meet—she had persuaded him of the rectitude of her own cherished conviction that a

little deception, used for an apparently good end, is by no means to be condemned. He was now prepared to abuse his position as sole guardian of the boy and trustee of the mother, by employing threats which he had no legal power to execute. The interests of the firm, that is, of himself, and the gratification of his own anger, were incentives to the course pointed out to him by Mrs. Spanall; but he would certainly never have originated such a lying scheme himself. When the mother and son came down to audience, he informed them gravely, that their property was left entirely in his hands, to be expended exclusively according to his own judgment; and that if his young ward should finally refuse to follow his father's trade, the money now in trust for the lad would be applied independently of him to the improvement of the firm itself.

Mrs. Favor and her son listened to this monstrous statement with the greatest concern, for they were entirely ignorant of business matters, and trusted implicitly in Obadiah's word.

"Then keep my money yourself," cried the young man, after a little silence, "I won't make your candles any more; I will rather trust to get my own living by writing, or, for that matter, by begging in the streets."

"You are very independent, sir," replied Mr. Spanall, coolly. "Do you look forward to maintaining your mother likewise in the same manner?"

The poor boy, alas, had never thought of this; cruel, false Obadiah that he was, to use such an ungenerous weapon! There had been nothing like it since the days when a blockaded army was wont to place the captured relatives of the besieging party right opposite their catapults!

The unhappy pair were obliged to surrender at discretion. The next day poor Harry Favor had to make a public apology to the foreman, and resumed his business in the dipping department. His books were taken away from him, his walls left bare of pictures, his manuscripts destroyed and pens and paper placed beyond his reach. Aunt Rachel spared him nothing. It was now just the end of his probationary six months, and he was declared eminently qualified for the tallow trade. The foreman lost no opportunity of insulting him; the boys redoubled their practical unpleasanties; a loathsome

al very was beginning for him, which had no visible termination in the future. Before the year was out, that proud spirit was not only tamed, it drooped and sickened. The large eyes, which had been so full of dreamy thought, waxed dim; his cheeks grew paler than ever, and his tall limbs thinner and thinner day by day. But the worst was still to come. His dear, darling mother, the only human being who loved him, and was loved by him in turn, died after a brief illness—died, mainly, of seeing her son so wretched, and of the wretched life which she had led since she had been in the power of sister Rachael. She kept this, we may be sure, from Harry with all loving care; until the last, he did not guess how very, very ill she was, and far less knew the causes of her death. But Obadiah Spanall knew; he could not hush a certain whisper at his heart, which went so far as to apply to that highly respectable man the very actionable term of murderer. He was ill himself, very ill, because of it, and dared not attend the death-bed, and dared not mourn at the funeral. Wife Rachael's texts by no means afforded him the consolation which they seemed to give her own conscience; her influence over him perceptibly diminished. When the physician who had visited Mrs. Favor left her for the last time, lifeless—her broken-hearted boy sobbing himself almost inanimate over the body, and kissing frantically the little hand that could clasp his no more—he had yet another duty to perform. He went up straight into Mr. Spanall's room, and informed him that if change—immediate change—of air and occupation was not afforded to young Harry Favor, the young man would die also.

"He shall have them—he shall have them at once," replied the merchant, with an energy which astonished the good doctor. It was in vain for Mrs. Spanall, pious female, now to talk of the lad's moral improvement having been so marked since her plan for driving him into the factory had been carried into effect, of how obedient he had become in consequence, how regular in his habits, and of how very much less trouble he was to his friends than formerly. Her husband bade her be quiet so roughly, and rest satisfied with the harm which she had already done, that she did not even venture to answer him, but shut her lips up close with a snap, and

turned up her cold grey eyes, implying by these movements that all *her* moral obligations in the matter were at least fulfilled, and that she only wished she could say so much for other people's. As for the unlucky object of the wife's tyranny and husband's solicitude, he was by this time so admirably trained as not to care which way the discussion ended. What little desire might have still lingered for an escape from his prison house, was now too entirely overpowered by his extreme grief for the loss of his dear mother. When he heard that he was to go at once to a northern seminary upon the seacoast, in the neighborhood of the fairest scenery in England, to study what he would and how he would for the next six months, he received it with about the same amount of interest with which he would have hailed the announcement of his promotion, through personal merit, from the "cotton" room into the "mould" room of the factory.

IV.

THERE is a valley in this beautiful country of ours to this day comparatively unknown to any but adventurous tourists; the fairest and the finest, perhaps, in the whole of England. The high road—if a road can be called so which is unused by any but springless market carts, except in the fair summer months, when the cars of the lake country carry their wondering loads over it upon the rare fine days which favor that out-of-the-way region—leaves it almost at its very threshold; it and its sister valley which adjoins it are both lost, after a few miles, in desolate mountain passes; the scanty inhabitants, at the time this story treats of it, were not less cut off from the world than those of farthest Hebrides. Their metropolis—and they had but one town—was a place that was intended by nature to be the home of none but poets and landscape painters, but the scarce and valuable minerals found in its neighborhood had made it hideous with storehouses and manufactories.

A trip to this spot—fourteen miles or so—was then only undertaken by the dalesmen, after mature deliberation, and for the purpose of procuring luxuries of an unusual kind—shoes, for instance, or white bread, or tobacco; for these delicacies, butter, cheese, and eggs, and, above all, the produce of their spinning-wheels, were exchanged as often as

money. This was the valley where the good folks built the wall to keep the cuckoo in, in order to retain for themselves an everlasting spring. The valley also where the oldest villager is opined to be the wisest, and where one of these elders, sitting in judgment to decide upon the nature of a tinker's donkey that had strayed thither, came to the conclusion, after much consultation with his books, that the strange animal was what is called by naturalists a peacock! A farmer in this place, having gone into his great city on one occasion, upon his bare-backed steed, was overcome with wonder at seeing in the market-place a saddle provided with stirrups. He sold all that he had brought with him, and purchased this incomprehensible machine; he mounted upon it in triumph, and rode homeward with the air of a Newton just convinced of gravity, or of a Christopher Columbus returned from the discovery of his new world. But when, alas! he reached his homestead, and the good wife and the bairns came out to welcome and admire, his wooden *sabots* could by no means be extricated from their iron prisons; push and pull as he would, the good yeoman's shoes would not come out of the stirrups. In despair, and for fear the horse should suffer for want of food, they turned him out centaur-like, upon the green, and went to consult the sage of the little community. That wise man opined that the saddle might be taken off, and the Pater-familias, sitting upon it, placed in some warm corner of the kitchen; which was carried by acclamation, and the old man sat there the winter through, carding wool.

When the spring was far advanced, however, two students of St. Bees, who came that way, suggested that the old man should take his wooden shoes off, and thereby the stirrups also: and this was effected with the very best results: the relieved party declared that, while he had a field of grass or a flock of sheep, one of his sons at least should be kept a scholar at St. Bees, so pleased was he at the sagacity of the two young men. They left the valley, and plunged deeper into the Lake country, shouting with merriment at the good folks' simplicity. A little knapsack was at the back of each, and each had a stout pole with a spike at the end of it. They were both

pictures of health, with brightest eyes, and most glowing color; only one was of a slighter build, though no less active than the other.

It was Harry Favor who was thus changed in half-a-dozen months from the sickly youth of Blank-street; and his companion was a fellow-student, born in the hill country, and destined to be the pastor of one or other of its picturesque mountain parishes. This young man footed it very briskly, enjoying well enough the air and the scene; but Favor, although he had already come a great distance, appeared to grow fresher with every step, and to be almost out of his mind with joy. The mountain breezes stirred his blood like wine; his hat was off, and hanging behind his head by a string, so that they blew his fair, curly hair back from his brow at their wild will. Every now and then he left the roadway altogether, and climbed up some heathery rock to see the better around him. You might know then by his sudden silence, and the quiet that came over his laughing eyes, that he had the soul of a poet. When his companion found that his friend was not following him, he, too, would sit down upon a stone or a heap of turf by the wayside, and proceed to enjoy himself after his fashion, with a short, black pipe, which he carried in the band of his cap in lieu of an eagle's feather; or would strive to cross the brawling river on his left by the aid of a few large stones scattered in its bed at unequal distances, most of which he cleared, but missed his mark now and then, and leapt into the stream knee deep, which incident disturbed him not in the least. Then the two would march on together again, trolling a merry song, until some difficult, sheer ascent tempted them on, right or left, to try their mettle; or the rock-strewn crags of some half-dried waterfall, up which they ran leap after leap, and shouting triumphantly. It was after one of these extraneous excitements of their travel that his friend observed to Favor:—

"Why, I believe, my boy, you know every nook and corner of the grand old Lake country as well as I by this time; and yet, but six months ago, you were, to say the truth, but little better than a Cockney."

"Don't speak of it, Wilson," cried the other, "never speak of it; my guardian

comes to visit me next week, and I dread to see the old man."

"Why, he can't carry you off, lad, with beak and talon, as we saw the kite carry off the little lamb upon Scaw Fell, I suppose. Should he get all the myrmidons of Bow-street to help him, we, St. Bees' boys, would beat them off. Why we will carry you up among the hills, and hide you for ever and ever, rather than let him take you back to the—what was it?—tallow dipping."

"I'll die first," said Favor, passionately.

There was no more laughing, nor leaping across becks and over rocks that evening. The unlucky subject broached by his companion had evidently poisoned all young Favor's pleasure for that ramble. Not even in the next two days, which was the extent of their holiday amongst the hills, could he shake off his melancholy; and when they came in sight of the old town again, that lies by the sea, the thought that Obadiah Spanall would be there in a few days and find him so well and hearty, chilled him to the very marrow. Since he had seen that severe face last, he had experienced a new existence, and one peculiarly suited to his character. He had gained prizes in the grammar-school, and distinguished himself far above any who had been there for the same time as himself. There was no reason in fact, why he should not work steadily on there, and become independent of his guardian altogether. This, however, he had not the strength of mind to contemplate; all that he had firmly determined on was, that under no circumstances would he be induced to return to the candle-making, Blank-street, and Aunt Rachael. He was sixteen now, and had a strong will of his own; but he was without any real independence of character. His kind manners, and behavior had won him several honest friends; besides which, his lavish supply of money while at St. Bees had easily made him among those poor scholars exceedingly popular. He could not persuade himself to become a beggar in the world upon a sudden, and to work his way for himself. His poetical faculty had increased vastly, to the detriment of that quality—never powerful within him—which would have prompted him to take boldly his own line in life, when not engaged in the school duties, which had been very light—

and, indeed, they had not been suffered to press him in the least, in accordance with the instructions of the London physician. He had passed his time in exploring that beautiful Lake country, which lay at such a distance from the town as was to his renovated strength but very trifling. The young pedestrian, who would have been formerly fatigued with walking from Fleet-street to Oxford-street, could now do his fifty miles a day over the hills with ease. What some unhappy, mangy lion in a travelling caravan is to the monarch of the desert, so was the apprentice of Blank-street to the climber of the windy mountains.

When Obadiah Spanall emerged from the coach in which he had been immured, with some few intervals, for nearly week, he positively did not recognize the handsome, hearty youth who came up to take his hand. His guardian had only heard of his gradual improvement, and had come up with a still penitent heart, intending to grant the boy some six months' furlough longer; but when he thus caught sight of him, this good resolution vanished.

"Well, my lad, I trust this long holiday has made you fit to go back to work in town again," were his first words.

Henry did not answer, but his heart sank very low within him, and his cheek turned deadly pale.

"Not directly, you know," said the old man, perceiving the change, and attributing it to the boy's scarcely convalescent state; not directly, of course, but in a month or so. "I am getting old, and, to say truth, have felt very queer lately; I want somebody to help me and to trust in. Your old enemy, Brown, I am not so satisfied with as formerly."

Obadiah Spanall spent a week with his young ward, and could not but be satisfied with all the heard and saw of him. He almost began to forget his ancient quarrel with the lad, and was so far moved by his entreaties as to grant him, before setting out, a six months' extension of leave.

Poor Harry was of that sort of temperament to which a long reprieve is almost the same thing as a free pardon; and when his guardian had left him once more in his beloved village, he felt as happy as a bird escaped from the fowler. What then was his

horror, in some three weeks after this, at receiving the following letter, written in the well-known crabbed hand of Mrs. Spanall:—

"HARRY FAVOR,—I do not know whether you will be sorry or not to hear that your too kind protector, Mr. Spanall, has had a paralytic seizure, depriving him of the use of his right hand. He is very weak and ill, and begs me to write to say that your presence in the shop, which is now under the superintendence of that good man, Samuel Brown, is absolutely necessary. It is needless, I hope, for me to remind you that your property is entirely in *our* hands, to be used for your benefit, if you will have it so; but not to your destruction. I have written by this post to the principal of your school, to tell him that you are at once withdrawn from his establishment, and I enclose a sufficient sum for your return hither by coach the next day after you receive this.

"I remain your loving aunt,

"RACHAEL SPANALL."

Instead of returning an answer to this lady Harry wrote a passionate appeal to her husband, to suffer him to remain where he was, even if it were with but a quarter of his present allowance.

"I would rather die, sir," he wrote, "than be a tallow-merchant, and the servant of that fellow Brown again."

By return of post, and having received notice of his own withdrawal from the principal in the meantime, he got this communication:—

"Your dear guardian, boy, is now in heaven; to his long journey to see his disobedient ward, his fatal illness is to be in great measure attributed. Mr. Brown is head of the business for the present; and you will be, therefore, for the first time, under a master who will not shrink from doing his duty. It is his command and mine that you return to Blank-street without the loss of an hour.

"In haste,

"RACHAEL SPANALL."

Harry Favor placed this in his breast-pocket, first carefully wrapping it around something else; in another he put a letter from his mother, the only one he had ever received from her while he was at a day-school in London. As he was leaving his room equipped for travel, his eye fell upon two volumes lying by themselves out of his book-case; one was a Plato, dog-eared in some places where it treated of the immortality of the soul, the other was a Bible. He

stood as if in doubt which to take with him. As he touched the latter it opened at the flyleaf, on which was written in the little crabbed hand, "Henry Favor, the gift of his aunt Rachael, with a pious hope that he may amend his ways." He shut this up impatiently, put it aside, and took up the Plato. As he went out into the street, the branch conveyance which met the London coach in those days was standing at the inn door amidst a crowd of idlers. One of these came up to him—it was his late companion in the valley of Borrowdale, and upon many a breezy fell elsewhere—and said gravely, "Favor, I am deeply sorry to hear that you are going to leave us. You do not look half well enough yet to resume your old work in town; indeed, my friend, you look very ill indeed this morning. Shall we take a walk once more among our old haunts, Harry?"

"Thank you, no, Wilson, not to-day I think," replied the other, "I would rather go alone." He pressed his friend's hand very tightly, and, as he turned away he added, "Good bye, old fellow; good bye, God bless you."

Wilson watched him travelling eastward with an unelastic step for several minutes, and said to himself, as he turned again towards the school-house "Poor Favor, how he takes his going away to heart; I never heard him say that much before."

V.

It was late in the summer evening when the young student, Henry Favor, found himself scaling the steep sides of Saddleback, or, as it was then more commonly termed, Blen Cathera Fell. Although unencumbered with a knapsack, he had walked with a very different step through that long journey of his from that with which he had been wont to tread his favorite hills. He had been without food since the morning, but he was not hungry; he had scarcely halted once upon his way, but he was not tired; it seemed as though he could have plodded on for ever at the pace he held, but he was loth to stop, and still more loth to hasten. He was by this time taking his trackless way across deep ravines and over mighty masses of rock, although, by turning a little to the left hand, he might have walked up a steep, grassy slope presenting few impediments. His path symbolized the inflexibility of his fell pur-

pose, and though he knew every foot of this his oft-frequented mountain, he chose to toil right on.

Although with each step that he ascended, some new and exquisite prospect stole into view behind him, he never turned his head; liking better, as it seemed, to keep his eyes upon the riven-rocks and rugged-heights immediately about him, than to regale himself with the sight of the long, rich valleys and peaceful lakes beneath. He had no sympathy any longer with such sights as these. Presently he delayed a little at a small tarn, whose ink-black waters were overshadowed upon three sides by precipitous steep—a solemn and even an awful spot in that vast solitude. He stood at the very brink of its dark depths, as though there lay something rich within them which he longed to obtain; but after a little he pursued his upward path again, tapping his breast-pocket before he started, as if to assure himself of the safety of something that he had placed within it. Soon afterwards he reached the very summit of Blen Cathera. The evening was so very calm, that even upon that eminence, nearly three thousand feet above the sea, there was but little air stirring; the whole of the mountain ranges to the south were quite distinct, although in shadow. Skiddaw stood up close by, as high as he; and, close in front, Helvellyn reared its equal forehead into the sky—Helvellyn, where another lover of nature breathed his last, no mortal now can tell in what sad manner; and where the fleshless bones whitened for months, as the buzzard and the rock-raven well knew! As Henry Favor gazed around him upon these solemn scenes, he forgot for a few moments his own gnawing cares in their strange histories, and in the legends which he knew clung dimly around them. What awful sights, hundreds, nay thousands of years ago, had that old Druid circle yonder witnessed! What garlands of romance hung all about that lovely valley of St. John beneath his feet!

It was on Soutra Fell there, that these aerial troops had been thrice seen by night from the very spot where he now stood! How many times had they been there, maybe when there was no mortal eye to see them! Armies of horse and foot marching, marching, squadron after squadron, where no hoof of beast could tread, column after column,

leaving no trace of foot of man behind them—ceaselessly and in well-ordered lines for hours. Hundreds had seen them, and their sons had told the lad their visions many times. Some very old men he knew who had themselves witnessed, when they were boys, in 1745, these omens of rebellion and of war. The men of science talked of the laws of refraction, and of how the troops of the House of Stuart were mustering at that very time upon the Scottish hills; and perhaps it was so, and the boy had deemed them right; but in that time and place such a weird-like phantasm seemed probable enough to him. He stayed upon that lofty, rocky eminence of Soutra Fell, not without hope that some such sight might rise again. As for fear, the poor lad had a purpose now within him that shut out all fear whether of man or spirit. He was come upon Blen Cathera's top to die! These thoughts of his we necessarily guess at; but some things he did we know almost for certain. He read, or strove to read, in that dim light his favorite Greek author; the book was found lying by his side with a wild flower in it, plucked from the very summit where it grew, to mark the place—such slaves we are of habit—although he knew he never should read it more. His mother's letter, too, he read; there was nothing in it but the expression of her love, eternal love and fondness for him; with some kind promise of a holiday (but filled or not, what matter?) years before; yet, doubtless, it drew tears. He must have hesitated somewhat after that, and gazed up, haply, to the summer sky with heart a little softened; it cannot be but that some precepts dropped from her loving lips must have come back to him then, and bidden him take that cursed phial from his pocket, and cast it into pieces on the rock. Perhaps his trembling hands would have refused to do their fatal office at the last, but for the paper which was wrapped around it—the letter of the cruel woman, Rachael Spanall. She would have been doubtless shocked to think that her respectable sentiments should nerve the fingers of a self-murderer. What snuggest tea, or even something stronger, was that easily-resigned widow partaking of, perhaps, at the very moment when that poor boy, her victim, was meditating suicide in that far mountain solitude? What tremen-

dous results, undreamed of by ourselves, may follow from the conduct of any one of us towards our fellow-creatures, whether our act may be the chief cause of them, or only the last little drop in the cup of human sorrow which makes it overflow! When the lad saw his aunt's handwriting, the whole world doubtless seemed to him composed of Mr. Browns and Mrs. Spanalls; and rather than trust in them he preferred to trust to fate, or (in spite of his favorite philosopher) to extinction itself.

"Mad from Life's history,
Glad to Death's mystery

Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!"

He was found on the third day upon Blencathra top, dead, with the phial of prussic acid drained beside him. His friend Wilson and others, with the dalesmen of that neighborhood, searched for him unceasingly until they found him; and they laid the poor misguided youth within the hearing of the eternal sea, and within sight of those magnificent hills, which had taught him many things, but which could never teach him the true wisdom.

From the Examiner.

Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution. By the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Reprinted from the "Quarterly Review," with additions and corrections. Murray.

Histoire de la Revolution Francaise. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tome Neuvieme. Edition Etrangere. Paris: Langlois et Leclerc.

Mr. Croker was from a very early period of his life a diligent collector of documents relating to the great French Revolution, and to the last an active student of that bit of the world's history. One of his latest tasks was the revision of his *Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution*, contributed to the "Quarterly Review." Since his death the revision has been completed by another hand, and the dissertations are now published in an ample volume. Whoever wishes to look at a great subject from two points of view should pass, upon the matter of the French Revolution, from Louis Blanc to Croker. The book is, of course, throughout controversial in its tone. A bias of mind being especially proved against M. Thiers, Mr. Croker holds that he has completely torn his coat from his back as an historian. Other men than M. Thiers might lose their coats if writing with a bias be destructive of respectability. Many points, however, throughout these essays are well and strongly urged; the book is upon a subject of imperishable interest, its lively manner will fix the attention of all readers, and its matter will sometimes, upon little points of detail, modify the views of readers who dissent entirely from the author's general conclusions.

Nearly at the same time appears the ninth volume of M. Louis Blanc's *Histoire de la Revolution Francaise*. It closes with the speech of Robespierre at the sitting of the Jacobins on the 21st of November, 1793, and his subsequent use of his influence over the Convention to confirm its doctrine. In that speech he attacked Hébert, who would have hindered Laveaux from printing the fact that he believed in God, and pronounced for full religious tolerance.

"Priests (he said), have been denounced for saying mass; they will continue all the longer to say masses if we try to hinder them. He who would prevent the saying of a mass is more fanatical than he who says it. There are men who propose to make of atheism a religion. Every individual, every philosopher can adopt as to that matter the opinion that pleases him: it would be senseless to impute to him so doing as a crime; but it would be a hundred times more senseless were a legislator to adopt any such system."

In this spirit Robespierre acted, and by so doing (says M. Louis Blanc) earned the undying hatred of the priests whose interest it is to be oppressed when they are not oppressors. He urged against them the one system they feared, a close watch over their honesty without the violence that placed them in the rank of martyrs. "For this reason," continues the historian,

"Royalist and Catholic writers have at last come to make Robespierre accountable in the eyes of posterity for the very excesses that he spent his life in combating. Ah! for the true adversary of the detractors of the French Revolution was in fact the man, whose whole solicitude it was to give it an aspect at once calm and firm, and an exalted character. The attacks on Robespierre would have been fewer if he had deserved them more."

From Household Words.

A CHRISTMAS PHANTASY.

In wilds of lone Armenia, where, they say,
 Man was created in the primal day,
 A castle stands upon a mountain crag,
 Staring far down precipitous vales, which drag
 Their stony terraces between the trees.
 The wandering shepherds, looking from the
 leas

Along the mountain slopes, regard with awe
 Those battlements from which the ravens caw
 With depth of ghostly meaning, when the clouds,
 Which sail upon the wind with vaporous shrouds,
 Throw quickly-vanishing shadows on the wall,
 Like shapes in a magic mirror. Thither crawl
 Toad, eft, and lizard; while those doubtful
 things

That breed in secret, with their murmuring
 wings

And skeleton bodies, haunt the stagnant gloom
 From dusky birth-time to their day of doom.

This castle stands upon phantasmal ground,
 And ever in the central hall is found
 A hawk that slumbers on a golden perch.
 The man who, entering the dim place in search
 Of hidden knowledge, shall awake that hawk
 Three days and nights continuously; shall talk
 With an enchantress who in lonely state
 Dwells there, and utters oracles of Fate:
 And if he ask her of her grace to grant
 His dearest wish, his most heart-cherish'd want,
 Behold! against the morrow it is done.

A youthful king came with the rising sun,
 And woke the hawk, who, in his tranced fit
 And dreams stupendous, would forever sit
 Moveless above his shadow, unless stirr'd
 By those who seek him. Thus aroused, the
 bird,

With heavy motion of his weight of plumes,
 And sudden rustle, creeping through the rooms
 Like trail of phantom garments, open'd wide
 His eyes, and saw the monarch by his side,
 Making a glimmer with his gems and gold,
 And sense of warmth within the shuddering cold.
 Three days the stranger watch'd, persistently
 Driving back sleep from weary brain and eye,
 Coercing hunger, mastering the frail sense
 With edicts from the soul's omnipotence,
 And forcing, by an aspect fix'd and grim,
 The hawk himself to wake and watch with him.

The third night pass'd; when, at the break
 of day,

Along the twilight chamber, dim and gray,
 Came from afar the solitary queen
 With hush'd and stately footsteps, scarcely seen
 Beneath her garments' cloudy amplitude.
 The darkling east that moment was subdued
 In tender blush of morning; and the gloom
 That long had glutted all that desert room
 Soften'd and paled, dissolving in the light
 Of her who issued from the gulf of night.
 The sullen wainscoat kindled with the splendor,
 And turn'd to jasper; columns tall and slender
 Upheld the roof, now flush'd with heavenly
 shows

And dreams of beauty, tongue may not disclose
 For greatness of the wonder; and, as she

DCXCX. LIVING AGE. VOL. XX. 24

Who was the sun to all this galaxy
 Drew near and nearer, so the richness burn'd
 To haughtier ardenscies, and ever yearn'd
 Towards her as its centre; till at last
 She stood before the king, with eyes downcast,
 A pearl within a many-color'd shell.

"Sir King," she said, "you now have earn'd
 right well
 The thing you wish; and I will give it birth,
 Whether it be in subtle air or earth,
 In the fierce ocean or the fiercer fire,
 Mocking with bodiless substance your desire."
 He answered: "Fair and regal mystery,
 Dweller in lonely glories, such as dye
 Our dreams of heaven; thou beauty and thou
 wonder,

Whose coming, like the moonrise, clove asunder
 The sadness, and the shades obscure and dead!
 My lofty wish not easily is said,
 Yet I will venture to declare it now.
 I am a king, before whose presence bow
 The tribes of vast Armenia; thou a queen,
 Ruling some empery of eternal green,
 Girt round with terror and bewilderment
 From those who come not with a high intent.
 Half empty is my throne; and, as the land,
 Ere Adam came, waited his sovereign hand,
 My heart has waited many years for thee,
 Sleeping and dreaming. But at length I see
 The happy sign and augury of the end."

She darken'd slowly, and, with haughty ben
 Of head and neck, replied: "Your words are
 wild

And wilful as the babbling of a child.
 You seek a dreadful knowledge; for, Sir King,
 I am no earthly, but a ghostly thing.
 Be warn'd in time—be warn'd!" But he, pos
 sess'd

With high-wrought purpose and resolve, still
 press'd

His wish upon the fair magician's mind.
 "Fool!" she exclaimed; "fool, miserable
 blind

I am not able to refuse your prayer,
 Though all around me I perceive the air
 Throb with the coming horror, whereunto
 We go with fatal swiftness. Not on you
 Only, but also on my darkening head,
 Fall the hot, smouldering thunders and the
 dread.

A nameless misery, shapeless shape of ill,
 A creeping dimness, venomous and chill,
 Rise through my inmost being, and confound
 All my bright essence with the sordid ground."

She paused and wept; when suddenly there
 came

Into that home of warmth and color'd flame,
 A sound of chanting, sweetly multiplied
 From the far convents on the mountain side.
 It was the hymn with which the priestly men
 Usher'd the dawn of Christmas Day; and when
 The clear, cold utterance reach'd the haunted
 hall,

The golden glories trembled, one and all,
 Droop'd and diminish'd, sicken'd and resign'd
 Their souls into the darkness blank and blind.
 The ghostly lady, fluttering for a space

In the decaying lustre, lit the place
With faint and ashy gleams, in which at length
She wasted, emptied of her phantom strength :
And forth into the dawn-light went the king.

He heard the monks their Christmas matin
sing :

He saw before him, mightily outroll'd,
The long Armenian mountains, swart and cold ;
The blackly-frozen brooks ; the meagre grass ;
The pine-trees darkening down the perilous
pass ;

The convents sleeping on the rocks ; the bloom
And soft suffusion through the skyeey gloom
Of morning's gradual azure ; and one star,
Large, lucid, trembling, infinitely far
Ensperhed within the calmness. Thankfully,
Yet grave at heart, as one whose mortal eye
Had seen the curtains of the soul withdrawn,
The king went down the mountains in the dawn.

THE WAND OF LIGHT.

ONE summer-noon, a sad-eyed man—to whom
Life's road from youth had lain through grief
and gloom,

And every milestone was a loved one's tomb—
Wander'd a-field, if haply he might find,
Sung in the brook, or breathed upon the wind,
Some message from the souls for whom he
pined.

But, when he found no music in the rill,
Sun, dwindled to a thread, and each leaf still :
" See," moan'd he, " to the sick all goeth ill ! "

And, hiding his wet face in the deep grass,
He pray'd life's chalice from his lips might pass,
And his last grain of sand fall through the glass.

Then, as he rose, through ferns that strove to
hide,

Hedged in by weeds, a wildflower he espied
Bent earthward by a dew-drop : so he cried :

" Frail bloom, that weepest in thy hidden nook
Alone, like Sorrow by the world forsook,
All the day long no sun can on thee look ! "

But, while he spake, a little wand of light
Pass'd through the leaves, making all faëry-
bright,

And what had seem'd a tear to his dull sight

Was now a tiny rainbow in a cup
Of thinnest silver, whence the beam did sup,
And by degrees the flower was lifted up ;

And seem'd to follow with a wistful eye
A little drift of mist into the sky,
Rising to join the clouds that floated by ;

Perchance, ere close of day, to fall in rain
And help some seaward stream, or thirti'sy plain :
Perchance to trickle down some window-pane

Where a sick child doth watch, and so beguile
The pain-drawn lips to curve into a smile,
And brighten its dull eyes a little while.

And seeing all that one small drop might do,
He felt why cloister'd thus the blossom grew,
And why so late it wore the morning dew ;

And, with a lighter heart, he went his way,
Trusting, at God's own time, some golden ray
Would gleam on him, and touch his dark to day.

—*Household Words.*

OLD LETTERS.

OLD letters ! wipe away the tear,
And gaze upon these pale mementoes,
A pilgrim finds his journal here
Since first he took to walk on ten toes.

Yes, here are scrawls from Clapham Rise,
Do mothers still their school-boys pamper ?
O, how I hated Doctor Wise !
O, how I lov'd a well-fill'd hamper !

How strange to commune with the Dead—
Dead joys, dead loves, and wishes thwarted :
Here's cruel proof of friendships fled,
And sad enough of friends departed.

And here's the offer that I wrote
In '33 to Lucy Diver ;
And here John Wylie's begging note—
He never paid me back a stiver.

And here my feud with Major Spike,
Our bet about the French Invasion ;
On looking back I acted like
A donkey upon that occasion.

And here a letter from " the Row,"—
How mad I was when first I learnt it !
They would not take my Book, and now
I'd give a trifle to have burnt it.

And here a heap of notes, at last,
With " love " and " dove," and " sever "
" never "—

Though hope, though passion may be past,
Their perfume is as sweet as ever.

A human heart should beat for two,
Whatever say your single scornors,
And all the hearths I ever knew
Had got a pair of chimney corners.

See here a double violet—
Two locks of hair—a deal of scandal :
I'll burn what only brings regret—
Go, Betty, fetch a lighted candle.

—*London Lyrics.*—By Fred. Locker.

AUTUMN VERSES.

BY CRADOCK NEWTON.

Sad earth ! that spreadest garments of dead
leaves

O'er thy fast-fading summer loveliness,
Take thou the solemn woe of her who grieves
For her lost children, and is comfortless !

Wail for the Wrongs that ride in drunken
state—

That tread the wine-press of thy children's
gore !

Wail for the temples that are desolate—
The hearths forsook—the liberties no more !

And let thy loud-lamenting Winds, that cry
Like voices of quelled Titans, old and blind,
Go to and fro—speak through them mightily
Thy mourning for the wrongs of human-kind !

From Eden-verge, to where the mystic Seven
Stand round the Throne, flood with tumultu-
ous breath,

That so the tarrying Arm may burst through
heaven,

And smite the hoary tyranny to death.

—*Titan.*

From Chambers's Journal.

A REALLY GOOD DAY'S FISHING.

I HAVE a most unfeigned admiration of good old Izaak Walton, and all fishermen; I like to think of them as contemplative men, who might be anything they choose—statesmen, divines, poets—only that they prefer being fishermen—lovers of their kind, lovers of scenery, lovers of all living things, and possessing some good and unquestionable proof that the worm which they thread alive upon their pitiless hook, and which, to the ordinary eye certainly seems not to like it, does not in reality suffer in the least. I confess I have been many times upon the verge of calling Piscator, my uncle, from whom I have expectations which such an appellation would ruin, a cruel and cold-blooded old villain for the quiet way in which he will torture his live bait—never taking the poor creature off until it has wriggled its last, and then instantly impaling a fresh victim—or selecting a lively minnow out of his green water-box, and throwing him into the pleasant river, his wished-for home, with a hook that he does not know of at first, poor thing, in his under-jaw. When he has done his duty even ever so well, and given warning of the approach of prey in the most sagacious manner by pulling at the float, and has been rescued alive, Jonah-like, from the interior of some enormous fish, Piscator will not yet suffer him to depart, but, confessing that he is a very good bait—as if that compliment could atone for these many indignities and pains—drops him again delicately into the stream; conduct only to be equalled by that of the widowed lady in the legend, whose late husband's body is discovered by her lover in the garden fish-pond, a receptacle for eels; upon which, "Poor dear Sir Thomas," says the lady, "put him in again, *perhaps he'll catch us some more.*" Worse than all, to my taste, looks my reverend uncle, when he is running after a May-fly, in order to impale that: one can bear to see a boy in pursuit of a butterfly, because it is not so much cruelty that actuates him as curiosity; but an old gentleman, bald, puffy—which epithet reminds me that I must not let Piscator peruse these remarks—and perspiring, striving to catch and put to death, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, a happy and inoffensive insect, is a shameful sight. No; I confess I like to see fishermen use artificial

flies; the mere hooking of the fish—which, after all, *are* meant to be eaten—through those horny, bloodless lips of theirs, I don't believe is very painful; and I regard these baits with a clear conscience. A good fisherman's book is a museum of unnatural science, and I like to examine it gratis upon some river-bank, with a cigar in my mouth, while Piscator fishes. He sets about this new creation about October, and by April has finished quite a pocket-arkfull of these additions to nature. This scarlet fly, almost as big as a bird of paradise, must have taken him a good long time. "It is a military insect, and a most tremendous bait for the female," says my uncle, who, I am thankful to say, is a confirmed old bachelor; "there is nothing in that fine creature whatever except a little wood and wire; but he kills, Bob—he kills."

Why, by the by, do puffy old fellows after fifty, almost without exception repeat their words?

"It is a fine day," observes Piscator, when I salute him in the morning—"a very fine day—a very fine day, indeed, Bob," as though there was somebody contradicting that assertion. And "your mother is well, is she, Bob? Your mother is well? Good, Bob, good—very good." I think they have some idea that this makes an ordinary sentence remarkable, and they wish, perhaps, to give you an opportunity or two of setting it down in your note-book.

"What is this huge black and white fly, uncle," I inquire, "like an excellent imitation of a death's-head moth?"

"Death's-head fiddlestick!" cries Piscator, in a fury; "it's nothing of the kind, Bob—nothing of the kind. I call it the Popular Preacher, and it also is a good bait for the female—the serious female, that is. I have killed a number of chub with that fly, sir—a number of stout chub."

There is a sort of box, also, attached to Piscator's book which contains even still more wonderful effigies; spinning minnows, twice as large as any in real life, and furnished with Archimedean screws; mice with machinery inside instead of intestines, and composite animals—half toad, half gargoyle—of which pike are supposed to become readily enamoured.

What a glorious amusement must indeed be that of the fly-fisher, climbing up in his

huge waterproof boots the bed of some rock-strewn stream, amid the music of a hundred falls, and under the branching shelter of the oak and mountain ash, through which the sunbeams weave such fairy patterns upon his watery path! I never could throw a fly myself by reason of these same branches; I left my uncle's favorite killer—brown with a yellow stripe—at the top of an inaccessible alder, on our very last expedition together, just after we had taken a great deal of trouble, too, in its extrication from the right calf of Piscator, where I had inadvertently hitched it. I am too clumsy and near-sighted, and indeed much too impatient for the highest flights of fishing. Piscator starts in the dusk, in order to be up at some mountain tarn by daylight, and comes back in the evening with half-a-dozen fine trout, well satisfied; now I would much rather have half-an-hour's good fishing for bleak in a ditch with a landing-net. However, I do rise to gudgeon-fishing.

I know no pleasanter and more dream-like enjoyment than that I have often experienced on the bank of some ait (which some ingenious persons still spell "eyot") in the bosom of old Father Thames; or, better still, on an arm-chair in a punt pitched in one of his back-waters. Let a little beer be in the boat and some tobacco, with perhaps a sympathising friend; then what a scene it is! Before us, the great roomy eel-pots are hanging idle over the foamy lasher, in waiting for the night; their withy bands seem dry and rotten enough in the sunshine, but they are good for many a summer yet; beyond them lies the round island where the bending osiers dip their green heads into the flood till they be needed; in its centre, is the large leafless nest of her, "born to be the only graceful shape of scorn," the river swan; and around it grow those "starry river buds," the lilies; on the right hand, stately woods slope up from the very bank to the horizon; on the left is the miller's garden, upon an island like-wise, with the high broad mill-stream running swiftly on its eastern shore, almost upon a level with the flowers; clack, clack, goes the great clumsy wheel, whose shining paddles we see disappear, one after one, under the low dark archway; and whirl, whirl, go half a score of little wheels within the bowels of the quaint old wooden house; along the main stream, beyond the mill-race,

and separated from it by another island, ply the heavy-laden barges with half-a-dozen horses apiece, on one of which the lazy driver sits, like a lady, sideways, with his red woolen cap drooping upon one side, and his pipe scarcely kept alight; market-people are going and returning along the towing-path, too, to Camelot, or, as it is called at this particular time and place, to Cockham; pleasure-boats pass in the distance, filled with ladies, with brass bands, with racing crews; the locksman sees them from his lofty post, and the huge gates slowly part to let them through: all this we watch afar off, and have no part with the great stream of existence regarded from its calmest of back-waters. As for the fishing itself, that is very pleasant; I always look away when the man puts on the gentle; and my friend and I have shilling bets upon which catches the next fish. We did bet at least at one time, until I detected him in the ingenious but fraudulent manœuvre of pulling the same perch up again and again, by which he not only won half a sovereign of me, but gloried in his shame. I love the very dropping of the boat from "pitch" to "pitch!" the careful fixing of it between its two bare poles; the measuring with the plummet for length of line; the chucking the bread and meal in for the gratuitous entertainment of the fish; the grating of the iron rake in the pebbly bottom; and all the machinery which is set in motion to persuade me that I am doing something and not nothing.

Better than all, perhaps, is the after-entertainment at the old-fashioned river inn, where jack is stuffed in some peculiarly fragrant manner, or there is an especial patent for frying trout; where awful specimens of both those fish, with particularly protuberant eyes, are suspended in the low-roofed cosy dining-room, along with the portrait of some famous fisherman, and the rules of the local angling club. The heroes of these places are not insolent and puffed up with knowledge, as hunters and shooters for the most part are, but freely and graciously impart intelligence to the unlearned. I confess at once that I have caught but two perch all day; my friend, three perch; and Jones, the man, about eight dozen. "Ay, ay, and very well too," observes the landlord; "Jones is a good rod; you should have tried Miller's Hole with the minnow;" and so on. I have fished

for bigger fish than perch. I once went out—went in, I should say—to spear barbel: that is a very splendid and almost warlike amusement. You see the leviathan reposing upon the pebbles beneath; silently, softly, you seize a long barbed spear, and measure the distance between you and your prey exactly; you think it to be about four feet, whereas the real depth of water is six feet at the very least. Striking, under this impression, with all your force, you throw yourself into the river, arrive upon the very spot which the barbel recently occupied, and are lucky if you can swim as well as he. Whenever I attempt anything above my perch, indeed, I fail miserably; “the party” who occupied my seat in the punt on the previous day has caught so many trout, he could not carry half of them away with him; and “the party” who comes the day afterwards, again, is equally successful; but, for me, I might just as well have baited my hook with a pack of cards. However, at the end of this last summer, I had one really good day's fishing, killing with my single rod carp and trout, of such magnitude and number as Piscator himself would have been proud to tell of; and it came to pass in this way.

The Marquis of B——, whom I call “B.” in conversation with strangers, is a good friend of mine, who has known me for many years. If he met me in the market-place of our borough, his lordship would, I am sure, say: “How d'ye do?” or, “How are you?” and thank me, perhaps, for the pains I took about the return of his second son. I have dined more than once at the Hall, during election-time, and his lordship has not failed to observe to me: “A glass of wine with you?” or, “Will you join us, my dear sir?” quite confidentially upon each occasion; the words may be nothing indeed, but his lordship's manner is such that I protest that when he speaks to me I feel as if I *had had the wine*. Well, only a month ago, he sent me a card, permitting me to have one day's fishing in his home preserves. Piscator tried to persuade me to give it up to *him*, but I said “No,” because he can catch fish anywhere, and I do not possess that faculty; so he gave me the most minute directions overnight, and lent me his famous book of flies, and his best rod.

How beautiful looked the grand old park upon that August morning! The deer—

“In copse and fern,
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail”—
cropping with reverted glance the short, rich herbage, or bounding across the carriage-drives in herds; the mighty oak-trees, shadowing half an acre each; the sedgy pools, with water-fowl rising from their rims with sudden cry; and the winding brooks, where shot the frequent trout from side to side. Now from their right banks I fished—now from their left; and now, regretful that I did not borrow Piscator's boots, I strode, with turned-up trousers, in the very bed of the stream; still, I could not touch a fin. I began to think that my uncle had given me, out of envy, wrong directions, and provided me with impossible flies. At last I came upon a large, brown pool, with a tumbling fall; and “Now,” cried I aloud, “for a tremendous trout or never!”

“Never,” cried a hoarse voice, with provincial accent; “I'm dang'd if thee isn't a cool hand, anyway.”

This was the keeper. I saw how the case stood at once, and determined to have a little sport of some kind, at all events.

“Hush, my good man,” I whispered, “don't make a noise; I have reason to believe that there are fish here.”

“Woot thee coom out of t' stream (it was up to my waist), or maun I coom in and fetch thee?”

“No,” said I blandly, “don't come in on any account, the least splash would be fatal; stay just where you are, and I daresay you will see me catch one in this very spot. It's beautiful weather.”

I got out upon one bank, as the giant speechless with rage, slipped in from the other. When he had waded half-way across—

“Do you think I am poaching, my good man?” inquired I innocently.

“I knaws thee is't,” quoth the keeper, adding a violent expletive.

“Well I have a card here from my friend B.,” said I, “which I should have thought was quite sufficient.”

“Thy friend B.,” roared the other sarcastically, “let me get at thee.”

“Yes,” said I, “old B. of the Hall; don't you know him?—the marquis.”

The dripping savage was obliged to confess that my ticket of permission was genuine.

“But how do I knaw as thee beest the

right man as is named here?" urged he obstinately.

A cold sweat began to bedew me, for I had not thought it necessary to bring out my visiting-cards.

"Right man," cried I indignantly; of course I am, why not?"

"Of course, why of course," sneered the brutal ruffian, "thee must coom along with me."

A bright thought suddenly flashed across me: "look here, my good man; look at my pocket-handkerchief; J. P.; ain't those the right initials? Confound you, would you like to see the tail of my shirt also? I'll tell B. of you as sure as you live." At which the giant, convinced against his will, left me in peace.

I fished until dewy eve, and still caught nothing. At last, in the near neighborhood of the Hall itself, I came upon a little pond environed by trees; the fish were so numerous in it, that they absolutely darkened the water. I had only just lodged my fly upon the surface, and, behold! I caught and easily landed a magnificent carp; again, and a trout of at least six pounds rewarded me; a third time, and I hooked another carp; and so on. I was intoxicated with my success. In the couple of hours of daylight which yet remained to me, I filled not only Piscator's largest fishing basket, but my pockets also. "What will my uncle say to this?" thought I. He did not know what to say. We dined, we supped, we breakfasted off the very finest; we spent the next morning in despatching the next best in baskets to distant friends. I was the hero of the family for four-and-twenty hours, although Piscator tried to make out that it was all owing to

the excellence of his flies. At four o'clock on the following afternoon, however, arrived my friend the keeper, taller than ever, pale with passion, more inimical-looking than on the day before.

"Well, thee hast about been and done it, with thy ticket and thy friend B.," quoth he.

"Yes," said I cheerfully, "you're right: I rather flatter myself I have. Sixty-seven pounds of fish, my man," (triumphantly).

"Sixty-seven pounds!" said he with a ghastly grin.

"Ay," said I, "not an ounce less: thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of—I'm hanged if I know what fish."

"Thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of he's hanged if he knows what fish," repeated the keeper, as if he was going to cry.

"Yes," added I; "and all out of one little bit of a pond."

"Pond!" cried Piscator, entering the room at this juncture, "you never told me anything about a pond, Bob."

"Well—no," said I, blushing a little. "I confess I thought it better to say stream. I did catch them in the pond close by the Hall."

"Why, you've been fishing in the marquis' private stew, Bob!" cried my uncle horrorstruck.

"Yes," cried the keeper, blowing into his fists, as if preparing for a murderous assault upon my countenance; "he's been a-fishing in the stew-pond, in his friend B.'s private stew."

And this was the only really good day's fishing I ever had.

WE have seen a new stereoscope manufactured by Burfield and Romb in the Strand, to which they have given the name of the *Cosmorama Lens Stereoscope*. It offers some advantages, which are thus described:—"1st, the greater facility with which the two images apparently coalesce; 2nd, less fatigue to the observer, the transparent and opaque pictures being viewed in the same plane, and the best part, viz., the central portion of the lens, is only used; the pictures are therefore seen much more perfectly than in the ordinary form of instrument with two small semi-lenses inclosed in brass or ivory eye-pieces. Another great ad-

vantage is a perfect adjustment of focus to different sights. Children are delighted at this impediment to their wishes being removed, as they behold wonderingly these interesting pictures. The lens (which is an ordinary plano-convex cut in halves, and the two edges turned round so as to form the centre) is mounted in a superior manner to the common form of stereoscope. Reflected light either from a window or lamp is directed on the opaque pictures: transmitted light through the transparent." Having made trial of it, we can vouch for its excellence. It is a decided improvement upon its predecessors.—*Critic*.

From The Athenæum.

Northern Travel: Summer and Winter Sketches of Sweden, Lapland, and Norway. By Bayard Taylor. (Low & Co.)

LOTUS-EATING on the Nile, dreaming under Abyssinian palms, glancing into red and gold temple interiors in China, wondering among the shadows of immemorial mysteries in India, straining his eyes to gain a glimpse behind the scenes in Japan,—all this had not satisfied Mr. Bayard Taylor. It was not enough to have trodden the ever-growing coasts of Eastern islands, to have watched the golden bells shaking on pagoda eaves, to have left, like a lion, the print of his feet on the yellow North-African desert, to have saluted the great Ganges, and received welcome in Loo Choo; he desired to imitate the Enchanted Sleeper, and awake to find himself, by turns, in all the countries of the world. Therefore, having done homage to the Equator, he sought the Arctic Circle,—and we, who have followed him where the lightest mimosa-leaf stirred not in the torrid calm, and where earth and heaven seemed of the color of fire, now hail him as, with a frozen beard and drifts of snow upon his eyelids, he drives a team right towards the Aurora Borealis. Winter upon the Baltic! The traveller was determined to know what the North is when most northern, not when the charity of summer bestows upon it a few blossoms, a passing warmth, and the charm of clear skies and sparkling seas. Thus, it was in December that he embarked on the Baltic, amid raw mists, with a prospect of going just so far as the vessel could anticipate the final freezing of the waters. With all his experience, Mr. Bayard Taylor seems to have started in a state of illusion. He expected to see a desolate zone of the world—shores only fit to be the companions of icebergs, skies made up of blue fogs and black storms, a people all yellow-haired, benumbed and dreary; yet, with an artist's instinct, he speedily found an opening for his imagination, which has a Saracenic sympathy with color, and espying, in some dim, white gleams, the headlands of Sweden, began to understand and relish the precincts of the Pole. His water route ceased at Stockholm. Then he journeyed northwards in a sledge,—and many were the revolutions of the vehicle on the road,—but a Swedish snow-track, though broken and wild, is not exactly so formidable

as a pass of the Caucasus; so that, to a traveller who could find himself when lost, this sort of progress was by no means disagreeable. Mr. Bayard Taylor, indeed, has a genuine appetite for travel, an eye for landscapes, a genial heart for simple customs and a stout one for dangers, and so long as there are pictures to see and paint, the enjoyment of his mind is supreme. This happy spirit pervades his narrative of adventures, whether among the solitudes of Norrland, between Innerstafte and Haparanda, across the Arctic circle, under a sky like a vault of rainbows, among the Finns upon whose native ice lapidaries might work in vain, the Lapps, whose heads—though they are not a tall race—seem almost to touch heaven or elsewhere in the regions of the wonder-working north-wind. Here, fortunately for his idiosyncrasies, notwithstanding that snow—except where the crimson moss stains it—is white, a thousand beautiful variegations were spread before his eye, and writing as he does with a pencil dipped in all the colors of Art, his story brightens with a perpetual reflection of rocks, waters, hills, the tinted roofs of cottages, the gay boddices of maidens, the rich radiations of sunrise, and that aurora which seems to melt into itself all the beauty and lustre of the globe. The forests seemed to him vast columnar wildernesses of bronze, frosted with silver, the twigs of the birch glistened like efflorescences of crystal; and through this quaint realm, on the borderland of unreality, the American with one companion, pushed his way, thanking Providence for a suit of fur, caps of sea-otter, mittens of dog-skin, immense woollen sashes, and lined Russian boots. It was nothing that the twilight deepening over Upsala descended like a curtain of orange, roses, and amber green; the air bit like a tooth of iron, and an Italian organ-boy, making the people sad with his sweet music, looked precisely as a turban looks among Paris hats. The method of travel was by *Skjuts* and *Jorbad*,—that is to say by post, with relays ordered in advance, and this process shot the tourist a hundred and fifty-five miles towards the North Pole within two days. Then, from Sundsvall began the Norrland sledge drive through a country whose products are grain and flax,—whose linen is poetically white,—whose beds are the cosiest in the world,—and where a postilion is sometimes “a dar-

ling fellow, not more than ten years old, with a face as round, fresh, and sweet as a damask rose, the bluest of eyes, and a cloud of golden curls," and at others a purple-cheeked damsel. Here the wheel-less carriages sang over snow "pure as ivory, hard as marble," the travellers stopped to drink milk flavored with cinnamon, and the winter had its way.

"My beard, moustache, cap, and fur collar were soon one undivided lump of ice. Our eye-lashes became snow-white and heavy with frost, and it required constant motion to keep them from freezing together. We saw everything through visors barred with ivory. Our eyebrows and hair were as hoary as those of an octogenarian, and our cheeks a mixture of crimson and orange, so that we were scarcely recognizable by each other. Every one we met had snow-white locks, no matter how youthful the face, and, whatever was the color of our horses at starting, we always drove milk-white steeds at the close of the post."

Explorers in Canada and Siberia speak of a tingling sensation in the throat, produced by the excessive cold; Mr. Bayard Taylor experienced no such sensation. "It was glorious," he says, and then dashes into a description of the scenery.

"I have never seen anything finer than the spectacle which we then saw for the first time, but which was afterwards almost daily repeated—the illumination of the forests and snow-fields in his level orange beams, for even at midday the sun was not more than eight degrees above the horizon. The tops of the trees only were touched; still and solid as iron, and covered with sparkling frost-crystals, their trunks were changed to blazing gold, and their foliage to a fiery orange-brown. The delicate purple sprays of the birch, coated with ice, glittered like wands of topaz and amethyst, and the slopes of virgin snow, stretching towards the sun, shone with the fairest saffron gleams. There is nothing equal to this in the South—nothing so transcendently rich, dazzling, and glorious. Italian dawns and twilights cannot surpass those we saw every day, not, like the former, fading rapidly into the ashen hues of dusk, but lingering for hour after hour with scarce a decrease of splendor."

Cod-liver oil in England fortifies against cold: Mr. Bayard Taylor ate half-a-pound of butter at a meal to warm himself, even in so plenteous a land as West Bothnia, where British porter was to be had, with luxuries beyond enumeration. Falling among Finns

he missed the blue eye, blond hair, slim, upright form of the Swede, and fancied he could detect an Asiatic touch in the people.

"You see, instead, square faces, dark eyes, low foreheads, and something of an Oriental fire and warmth in the movements." The language is totally dissimilar, and even the costume, though of the same general fashion, presents many noticeable points of difference. The women wear handkerchiefs of some bright color bound over the forehead and under the chin, very similar to those worn by the Armenian women in Asia Minor. On first coming among them, the Finns impressed me as a less frank and open-hearted, but more original and picturesque race than the Swedes."

Typical of the North-Swedish damsels was Frederika, who amused the traveller at Haparanda.

"Of medium height, plump, but not stout, with a rather slender waist and expansive hips, and a foot which stepped firmly and nimbly at the same time, she was as cheerful a body as one could wish to see. Her hair was of that silky blonde so common in Sweden; her eyes a clear, pale blue, her nose straight and well formed, her cheeks of the delicate pink of a wild-rose leaf, and her teeth so white, regular, and perfect that I am sure they would make her fortune in America. Always cheerful, kind, and active, she had nevertheless a hard life of it; she was alike cook, chambermaid, and hostler, and had a cross mistress to boot. She made our fires in the morning darkness, and brought us our early coffee while we yet lay in bed, in accordance with the luxurious habits of the arctic zone. Then, until the last drunken guest was silent, towards midnight, there was no respite from labor. Although suffering from a distressing cough, she had the out-door as well as the in-door duties to discharge; and we saw her in a sheepskin jacket harnessing horses in a temperature of 30° below zero. The reward of such a service was possibly about eight American dollars a year. When, on leaving, I gave her about as much as one of our hotel servants would expect for answering a question, the poor girl was overwhelmed with gratitude; and even the stern landlady was so impressed by my generosity that she insisted on lending us a sheepskin for our feet, saying we were 'good men.'"

Once or twice on the road the American comes into collision with the poet Campbell, whom he reproves for talking of Tornea's hoary brow and Elsinore's stormy deep, which have no more existence than his lyrical

palm-trees upon the Susquehanna; but these discoveries have been made before, and are not very valuable. At last, forgetting all else, he was upon the mountain through which "it is said the Arctic circle passes," and remembered how he had yearned towards it in the midst of tropical balm. The pale plains contrasted with the dazzling hills, and in this mystical remoteness lived Mr. Wolley, an English naturalist, with his daughter. They lodged in the house of a carpenter, and there a pleasant repast was spread for the strangers.

"Warmed and comforted by such luxurious fare, we climbed the hill to the carpenter's house, in the dreary Arctic twilight, in the most cheerful and contented frame of mind. Was this, indeed, Lapland? Did we, indeed, stand already in the dark heart of the polar winter? Yes; there was no doubt of it. The imagination could scarcely conceive a more desolate picture than that upon which we gazed—the plain of sombre snow, beyond which the black huts of the village were faintly discernible, the stunted woods and bleak hills, which night and the raw snow-clouds had half obscured, and yonder furred figure gliding silently along beside his reindeer. Yet, even here, where Man seemed to have settled out of pure spite against Nature, were comfort and hospitality and kindness. We entered the carpenter's house, lit our candles and pipes, and sat down to enjoy at ease the unusual feeling of shelter and of home. The building was of squared fir logs, with black moss stuffed in the crevices, making it very warm and substantial. Our room contained a loom, two tables, two beds with linen of voluptuous softness and cleanness, an iron stove (the first we had seen in Sweden), and the usual washing apparatus, besides a piece of carpet on the floor. What more could any man desire? The carpenter, Herr Knoblock, spoke some German; his son, Ludwig, Mr. Wolley's servant, also looked after our needs; and the daughter, a fair, blooming girl of about nineteen, brought us coffee before we were out of bed, and kept our fire in order. Why, Lapland was a very Sybaris in comparison with what I had expected. Mr. Wolley proposed to us another luxury, in the shape of a vapor bath, as Herr Forström had one of those bathing-houses which are universal in Finland. It was a little wooden building without windows. A Finnish servant-girl, who had been for some time engaged in getting it in readiness opened the door for us. The interior was very hot and moist, like an Oriental bathing-hall. In the centre was a pile of hot stones, covered with birch boughs, the leaves of

which gave out an agreeable smell, and a large tub of water. The floor was strewn with straw, and under the roof was a platform extending across one end of the building. This was covered with soft hay, and reached by means of a ladder, for the purpose of getting the full effect of the steam. Some stools, and a bench for our clothes, completed the arrangements. There was also in one corner a pitcher of water, standing in a little heap of snow to keep it cool. The servant-girl came in after us, and Mr. Wolley quietly proceeded to undress, informing us that the girl was bathing-master, and would do the usual scrubbing and shampooing. This, it seems, is the general practice in Finland, and is but another example of the unembarrassed habits of the people in this part of the world. The poorer families go into their bathing-rooms together—father, mother, and children—and take turns in polishing each other's backs. It would have been ridiculous to have shown any hesitation under the circumstances—in fact, an indignity to the honest, simple-hearted, virtuous girl—and so we deliberately undressed also. When at last we stood, like our first parents in Paradise, 'naked and not ashamed,' she handed us bunches of birch-twigs with the leaves on, the use of which was suggested by the leaf of sculpture. We mounted to the platform and lay down upon our backs, whereupon she increased the temperature by throwing water upon the hot stones, until the heat was rather oppressive, and we began to sweat profusely. She then took up a bunch of birch-twigs which had been dipped in hot water, and switched us smartly from head to foot. When we had become thoroughly parboiled and lax, we descended to the floor, seated ourselves upon the stools, and were scrubbed with soap as thoroughly as propriety permitted. The girl was an admirable bather, the result of long practice in the business. She finished by pouring hot water over us, and then drying us with warm towels. The Finns frequently go out and roll in the snow during the progress of the bath. I ventured so far as to go out and stand a few seconds in the open air. The mercury was at zero, and the effect of the cold on my heated skin was delightfully refreshing."

Northern travellers are familiar with this custom, but it is curious to find it in an English household upon the Arctic circle. The American's next launch was across Lapland, in a sledge drawn by reindeer, a mode of progression with which he was speedily disgusted. Upon the barren mountain, Lippivara, at the hamlet of Lippajärvi, nineteen hundred feet above the sea, Lapp life was studied under its primal aspects.

"I have rarely seen anything quite so bleak and God-forsaken as this village. A few low black huts, in a desert of snow—that was all. We drove up to a sort of station-house, where an old, white-headed Finn received me kindly, beat the snow of my poesk with a birch broom, and hung my boa near the fire to dry. There was a wild, fierce-looking Lapp in the room, who spoke some Norwegian, and at once asked who and what I was. His head was covered with a mop of bright brown hair, his eyes were dark blue and gleamed like polished steel, and the flushed crimson of his face was set off by the strong bristles of a beard of three weeks' growth. There was something savage and ferocious in his air as he sat with his clenched fists planted upon his knees, and a heavy knife in a wooden scabbard hanging from his belt. When our caravan arrived I transferred him to my sketch-book. He gave me his name as Ole Olsen Thore, and I found he was a character well known throughout the country. Long Isaac proposed waiting until midnight, for moonrise, as it was already dark, and there was no track beyond Lippajärvi. This seemed prudent, and we therefore, with the old woman's help, set about boiling our meat, thawing bread, and making coffee. It was necessary to eat even beyond what appetite demanded, on account of the long distances between the stations. Drowsiness followed repletion, as a matter of course, and they gave us a bed of skins in an inner room. Here, however, some other members of the family were gathered around the fire, and kept up an incessant chattering, while a young married couple, who lay in one corner, bestowed their endearments on each other, so that we had but little benefit of our rest. At midnight all was ready, and we set out."

At Kautokeino was passed a sunless day, and this was Mr. Bayard Taylor's furthest point north. Pausing to note certain national characteristics, he remarks of the Finns:

"A Finnish woman expressed the greatest astonishment and horror, at hearing from Mr. Wolly that it was a very common thing in England for a husband and wife to kiss each other. 'If my husband were to attempt such a thing,' said she, 'I would beat him about the ears so that he would feel it for a week.'"

Upon concluding his Arctic trip he makes certain notes on the weather.

"I should have frozen at home in a temperature which I found very comfortable in Lapland, with my solid diet of meat and butter, and my garments of reindeer. The following is a correct scale of the physical effect

of cold, calculated for the latitude of 65° to 70° north:—15° *above zero*—Unpleasantly warm.—*Zero*—Mild and agreeable.—10° *below zero*—Pleasantly fresh and bracing.—20° *below zero*—Sharp, but not severely cold. Keep your fingers and toes in motion, and rub your nose occasionally.—30° *below zero*—Very cold; take particular care of your nose and extremities; eat the fattest food, and plenty of it.—40° *below*—Intensely cold; keep awake at all hazards, muffle up to the eyes, and test your circulation frequently that it may not stop somewhere before you know it.—50° *below*—A struggle for life."

Stockholm, of course, disdains the simplicity of interior Sweden, and Mr. Bayard Taylor is just to its architectural appearance; but upon its fashions he is ironical.

"Nowhere are to be seen such enormously tall and stiff black chimney-pots (mis-named *hats*), nowhere such straight-cut overcoats, descending to the very heels. You might stick all the men you see into pasteboard cards, like a row of pins, so precisely are they clothed upon the same model. But when you meet one of these grim, funereal figures, he pulls off his hat with a politeness which is more than French; he keeps it off, perhaps, while he is speaking; you shake hands and accept his invitation to enter his house. After you are within, he greets you a second time with the same ceremonies, as if you had then first met; he says, '*Tak for sist!*' (equivalent to, 'thank you for the pleasure of your company the last time we met!') and after your visit is over, you part with equal formality. At dinner the guests stand gravely around the table with clasped hands, before sitting down. This is repeated on rising, after which they bow to each other and shake hands with the host and hostess. Formerly they used to say 'I thank you for the meal,' a custom still retained in Denmark and Norway."

The Swedes, he says, take off their hats to every one they know.

"A lift of the hat, as in Germany is not sufficient. You must remove it entirely, and hold it in the air a second or two before you replace it. King Oscar once said to an acquaintance of mine, who was commiserating him for being obliged to keep his hat off the whole length of the Drottningatan, in a violent snow-storm—'You are quite right, it was exceedingly disagreeable, and I could not help wishing that instead of being King of Sweden, I were king of Thibet, where, according to Hue, the polite salutation is simply to stick out your tongue.'"

Perhaps the picture of immorality at

Stockholm is slightly over-colored; it is at all events unpleasant, and sends us in search of graceful sketches from the Bergenstift.

"The farmer's little daughter, however, who came along to take back one of the horses, would have been a pleasant apparition at any time and in any season. She wore her Sunday dress, consisting of a scarlet boddice over a white chemise, green petticoat, and white apron, while her shining, flaxen hair was plaited into one long braid with narrow strips of crimson and yellow cloth, and then twisted like a garland around her head. She was not more than twelve or thirteen years old, but tall, straight as a young pine, and beautifully formed, with the promise of early maidenhood in the gentle swell of her bosom. Her complexion was lovely—pink, brightened with sunburnt gold,—and her eyes like the blossoms of the forget-me-not, in hue."

Not graceful, but characteristic, is this companion description of a female costume in Hallingdal.

"It consisted simply of a band across the shoulders, above the breasts, passing around the arms and over the back of the neck, with an immense, baggy, dangling skirt hanging therefrom to the ancles. Whether she was fat or lean, straight or crooked, symmetrical or deformed, it was impossible to discern, except when the wind blew. The only thing to be said in favor of such a costume is, that it does not impede the development and expansion of the body in any direction. Hence I would strongly recommend its adoption to the advocates of reform in feminine dress at home. There is certainly none of that weight upon the hips of which they complain in the fashionable costume."

Not less illustrative is the account of a Telemark kitchen.

"We took possession of the kitchen, a spacious, and tolerably clean apartment, with ponderous benches against two sides of it, and two bedsteads, as huge and ugly as those of kings, built along the third. Enormous platters of pewter, earthen and stone ware, were ranged on shelves, while a cupboard fantastically painted, contained the smaller crockery. There was a heavy red and green cornice above the bed, upon which the names of the host and his wife, with the date of their marriage, were painted in yellow letters. The worthy couple lay so high that several steps were necessary to enable them to reach the bed, in which process their eyes encountered words of admonition, painted upon triangular boards, introduced to strengthen the pillars at the head and foot.

One of these inscriptions ran, 'This is my bed: here I take my rest in the night, and when morning comes I get up cheerfully and go to work;' and the other, 'When thou liest down to sleep think on thy last hour, pray that God will guard thy sleep, and be ready for thy last hour when it come. On the bottom of the cupboard was a representation of two individuals with chalk-white faces and inky eyes, smoking their pipes and and clinking glasses. The same fondness for decorations and inscriptions is seen in all the houses in Telemark and a great part of Hallingdal. Some of them are thoroughly Chinese in gaudy color and grotesque design."

Mr. Bayard Taylor is in himself a Babel, and utters many languages. This astonished mine host at Westford-dalen.

"He brightened up on learning that we were Americans. 'Why,' said he, 'there have only been two Americans here before in all my life; and you cannot be a *born* American, because you speak Norsk so well.—'O,' said I, 'I have learned the language in travelling.'—'Is it possible?' he exclaimed: 'then you must have a powerful intellect.'—'By no means,' said I, 'it is a very easy thing; I have travelled much, and can speak six other languages.'—'Now, God help us!' cried he; 'seven languages! It is truly wonderful how much comprehension God has given unto man, that he can keep seven languages in his head at one time. Here am I and I am not a fool; yet I do not see how it would be possible for me to speak any thing but Norsk; and when I think of you, it shows me what wonders God has done. Will you not make a mark under your name, in the book, so that I may distinguish you from the other two?' I cheerfully complied, and hereby notify future visitors why my name is italicized in Ole's book."

We cannot go with the American into Dalecarlia, a classic ground in the North, where he drank the yellow mead and saw the pearly-toothed maidens who are not exonerated from nursery discipline until they are betrothed; but we part with him while he is painting a picture of the North.

"I opened my eyes and saw a narrow belt or scarf of silver fire stretching directly across the zenith, with its loose frayed ends slowly swaying to and fro down the slopes of the sky. Presently it began to waver, bending back and forth, sometimes slowly, sometimes with a quick, springing motion, as if testing its elasticity. Now it took the shape of a bow, now undulated into Hogarth's line of beauty, brightening and fading in its

sinuous motion, and finally formed a shepherd's crook, the end of which suddenly began to separate and fall off, as if driven by a strong wind, until the whole belt shot away in long, drifting lines of fiery snow. It then gathered again into a dozen dancing fragments, which alternately advanced and retreated, shot hither and thither, against and across each other, blazed out in yellow and rosy gleams or paled again, playing a thousand fantastic pranks, as if guided by some wild whim. We lay silent, with upturned faces, watching this wonderful spectacle. Suddenly, the scattered lights ran together, as by a common impulse, joined their bright ends, twisted them through each other, and fell in a broad, luminous curtain straight downward through the air until its fringed hem swung apparently but a few yards over our heads. This phenomenon was so unexpected and startling, that for a moment I thought our faces would be touched by the

skirts of the glorious auroral drapery. It did not follow the spheric curve of the firmament, but hung plumb from the zenith, falling, apparently, millions of leagues through the air, its folds gathered among the stars and its embroidery of flame sweeping the earth and shedding a pale, unearthly radiance over the wastes of snow. A moment afterwards it was again drawn up, parted, waved its flambeaux and shot its lances hither and thither, advancing and retreating as before. Anything so strange, so capricious, so wonderful, so gloriously beautiful, I scarcely hope to see again."

This extract, an example of his exuberant yet not meretricious style, will assure the reader that Mr. Bayard Taylor is of the right mould for a traveller,—keen, enthusiastic, and capable of describing what he has seen.

PORTUGUESE AFRICA.—The hostility of savage tribes is not likely to offer any real obstacle to English adventurers. The Portuguese, however, are not only Europeans and Christians, but have been bound to England by an unbroken and intimate alliance during two centuries. We cannot treat them summarily, and we therefore look anxiously for hints of the actual condition and resources of their colony in East Africa. They are the virtual sovereigns of the navigation at the Zambesi, and we must be content to trade by their permission and under their regulations. Nothing, according to Dr. Livingstone's account, can be more deplorable than the situation of the Portuguese. Their occupation of the Zambesi and its banks seems utterly useless to them. The colony is purely military, and nothing that can be called trading is carried on. Formerly about 130 lbs. of gold were produced there every year. At present, the whole amount obtained annually by the Portuguese, is from 8 to 10 lbs. only. There were once merchants, but they were all ruined by the slave trade. When the export of slaves began, the owners thought it would be a far more speedy way of getting rich to sell their workmen as slaves than to till the ground or wash the gold, and they continued to export slaves until they had neither hands to labor nor to fight for them. The coffee and sugar plantations and gold-washings were abandoned, because the laborer had been exported to the Brazils. Then, as it is a military colony, and not healthy, few Portuguese women are ever taken there. The consequence is that there is a very large population of half-castes, who hate Portuguese, and annoy them in every possible way. Two years ago, Tete was plundered and burnt by a man of mixed Asiatic and Portuguese extraction. At Sena, the only other place of note in this part of the Portuguese

possessions, everything, to use Dr. Livingstone's words, "is in a state of stagnation and ruin." It is, in fact, with the utmost difficulty that the government of Mozambique, under which this Zambesi district is placed, can maintain its feeble hold on its possessions. "Nowhere," says Dr. Livingstone, "is the name of European at so low an ebb." We cannot but look on this state of things as likely to lead to considerable difficulties. It is true that the Portuguese home Government seems inclined to encourage trading in this unprofitable colony, and is aware that the only chance of revenue rests on the hope of making the ships of foreign adventurers pay toll. But it is not easy to see how amicable relations could be preserved. The Portuguese could not protect the merchants from hostile tribes, for they cannot protect themselves; and if traders do not receive protection, they are sure to grumble at paying tolls. It would be most painful if we had to offer anything like an insult to a weak nation, and a nation bound to us by ties of such singular closeness as Portugal. The best thing would be that the rights of the Portuguese over the Zambesi should pass into our hands by purchase.—*Saturday Review*.

SAMUEL LOVER, author of "Rory O'More," &c., has a new work in the press upon the Lyrics of Ireland. His time of late years has been almost exclusively devoted to its compilation and annotation.

In the beginning of the year 1858, a translation, in the Russian language, is to be published of the best classical works in the English and French tongues. Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," and "Philip the Second of Spain," Grote's voluminous "History of Greece," and Thierry's "Norman Conquest," have been selected to begin this valuable undertaking.

From The Leader.

OLD-FASHIONED CRITICISM.

Lectures on the British Poets, By Henry Reed. Shaw.

WHAT is written about poets is generally not worth reading. There might be named some fine critics of poetry; but, for the most part, they have been a dull race, given to the repetition of platitudes, or to the elaboration of false parallels or affected panegyrics. Few can have failed, however, to notice the gradual improvement which has taken place in the tone of literary criticism, especially where poets are concerned. Formerly every poet seemed to have a faction and an enemy, and reviews were written as though with the one object of inflicting a wound. In our day's Gifford's virulence would not be tolerated for a week, except by the few ante-diluvians who promise immortality to the brutalities of Christopher North. "If," he said, speaking as a reviewer of Shelley, "we might withdraw the veil of private life, and tell what we know about him, it would indeed be a disgusting picture that we should exhibit;" and then, "Of Mr. Shelley himself we know nothing, and desire to know nothing"—two savage insinuations altogether contradictory. The same presumptuous noodle who undervalued Shelley pretended to correct Byron annotating his proof-sheets with "Omit the last six couplets." "Despicable stuff." "Strike out this section." But nothing was startling from the pen of a writer who asserted that Shakspeare's most characteristic eloquence, and, indeed, the only quality in which he excelled other dramatists, was wit. Rhythmical modulation, according to Gifford, was not one of Shakspeare's merits. We are almost inclined to rank Gifford with Rymers, who described *Othello* as "a bloody farce, without salt or savor" that fills the head with "vanity, confusion, tintamarre, and jingle-jangle." Yet we can forgive these libels upon books, as we forgive Johnson for despising *Paradise Lost*, and declaring that to read *Lycidas* a second time would be to deserve death by surfeit. We have eccentric opinions and silly critics among us to this hour, but we have extirpated (or silenced) the venomous cowards who once spoke of a book in order that they might defame its author. To that race belonged the scribbler who spoke of Hazlitt as a "pimpled fellow," and the other, who, having exhausted his

malice in an attack on the works of Campbell, added, "As a man, moreover, he is vulgarly ugly." Campbell, in fact, was handsome, but an Irish critic wrote that "he was a miserable dwarf," "a small, thin man, with a remarkably cunning and withered face, and eyes cold and glassy, like those of a dead haddock." Having maligned the poet's person, the critic proceeded to misrepresent his opinions. Campbell, according to these biographical notes, said of Petrarch that "he was a detestable donkey;" of Cervantes, that "he was a most dull and lugubrious jester;" of Byron, that "he was a liar, and in heart and soul a blackguard;" of Allan Cunningham, that "he was the most infernal liar that ever left Scotland;" of Hazlitt, that "of all the false, vain, selfish blackguards that ever disgraced human nature, he was the falsest, vainest, and most selfish;" of Northcote, the sculptor, that he was "a conceited booby;" Shelley "a filthy Atheist;" Milton "a savage-minded wretch," Gray "a selfish scoundrel," and "a harmless, dirty beast." That was one way of clouding the reputation of a dead poet. Byron says that Wordsworth boasted he would not give five shillings for all Southey had ever written, and Mrs. Hemans, that the same poet talked of *Scots wha ha wi' Wallace bled* as "miserable inanity;" but we must accept these testimonies very cautiously, and make sure that we are not mistaking a jest for an opinion. We know, however, how Wordsworth underrated Dryden, Pope, and Gray, and marvelled how they had been ranked among poets, and how Byron thought Milton and Shakspeare had been extravagantly praised, preferred Rogers to Coleridge, affected to value two or three, of Moore's *Melodies* beyond all the epics ever composed, and considered as a tragedy of the highest order Horace Walpole's play *The Mysterious Mother*, which Coleridge described as "the most disgusting, detestable, vile composition that ever came from the hand of man." Coleridge himself, however, talked of Wordsworth's drama *The Borderers* as absolutely wonderful, and containing a series of profound touches of the human heart found sometimes in Schiller and Shakspeare, but in Wordsworth always! There was no little personal and political feeling mixed up in these discussions. The taste of the day, moreover, often misled the critics, as when the verses

called *Studies of Sensation and Event*—a mass of unintelligible, metaphysical, incoherence—were largely and elaborately praised. Warburton had his disciples when he foolishly annotated Pope, Gifford his admirers when he ferociously assailed Shelley, Bentham his disciples when he said that all the poetry ever written was of no more importance than a game of pushpin, and, undoubtedly, that reviewer had his dupes who wrote that Shakspeare had done nothing but spread a poisonous fume over the mind of Europe.

We extract from a series of thoughtful, refined, and suggestive essays, by Henry Reed, the well-known American critic, a passage bearing on this topic :

"It is important, too, to shun the habit of dogmatic criticism. It is a singular but familiar fact, that men are never more apt to be intolerant of difference of opinion than in what concerns the mingled powers of judgment and feeling denominated taste. I need suggest no other illustration than the striking contrariety of judgment on the merits of the most distinguished poets who have flourished in our own times, the discussion of which I shall not now anticipate by the expression of any opinion. To what is this owing? Partly, no doubt, to variety of character, intellectual and moral; to diversity of temperament and education; and whatsoever else makes one man in some respects a different being from his neighbor. Each reader, as well as each writer, has his peculiar bent of mind, his own way of thinking and feeling: so that the passionate strains of poetry will find an adaptation in the heart of one, while its thoughtful, meditative inspirations will come home to the heart of another. This consideration must not be lost sight of, because it goes far towards allaying this literary intolerance, which, like political or theological intolerance, is doubly disastrous, for it at the same time narrows a man's sympathies and heightens his pride. But the variety of mind or of general disposition will not wholly explain the variety of literary opinions. After making all due

allowance in this respect, it is not to be questioned that there is right judgment and wrong judgment,—a sound taste and a sickly taste. There are opinions which we may hold with a most entire conviction of their truth, an absolute and imperious self-confidence, and a judicial assurance that the contradictory tenets are errors. There is a poetry, for instance, of which a man may both know and feel not only that it gives poetic gratification to himself, but that it cannot fail to produce a like effect on every well-constituted and well-educated mind. When an English critic, Rymer, some hundred and fifty years ago, disloyal in his folly, pronounced the tragical part of Othello to be plainly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savor,—when Voltaire scoffed at the tragedy of Hamlet as a gross and barbarous piece, which would not be tolerated by the vilest rabble of France or Italy, likening it, (I give you his own words) to the fruit of the imagination of a drunken savage,—when Steevens, an editor of Shakspeare, said that an Act of Parliament would not be strong enough to compel the perusal of the sonnets and other minor poems of the bard,—when Dr. Johnson remarked that *Paradise Lost* might be read as a duty, but could not be as a pleasure, and pronounced a sweeping condemnation on Milton's incomparable *Lycidas*,—when, in our own day, a Scotch critic, Lord Jeffrey, declared of Wordsworth's majestic poem, the *Excursion*, that 'it would never do'—in each of these opinions I know, as anybody may, with a confidence not short of demonstration, I know that there was gross and grievous falsehood. Now, if these opinions are defenceless on the score of variety of mind, and safely to be stigmatized as rash and irrational judgments, it follows that there must exist principles to guide to wise conclusions. And how is a theory of criticism to be formed? How, in a matter in which men are apt to think and feel so differently, to have such various fancies, prejudices, and prepossessions,—how are we to get at the truth?"

Mr. Reed puts a question, and does not wait for an answer.

An interesting case, turning upon the interpretation of the will of Henry VIII., has come before the Master of the Rolls. King Henry declared that the Dean and Canons of Windsor should have certain lands secured to them by himself during his lifetime, or by his son, Prince Edward, upon trust, among other things, to pay twelve pence a-day to thirteen poor men. These are now known by the anomalous name of the

Military Knights of Windsor. In accordance with the will, Prince Edward executed the deed. And the lands thus secured being now worth about £14,000 a-year; the Military Knights contend that they should have the benefit of the increase in the value. The Dean and Canons, on the contrary, claim the £14,000 a-year, deducting the original thirteen pence a-day, amounting to about £600., paid to the knights.

MARBLES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PROF. FARADAY has addressed the following letter to Dean Milman on the present state of the marbles in the British Museum.

Royal Institution, Ablemarle Street, April 30.

My dear Dr. Milman,—I wish I could write any thing satisfactory, in reply to your note about the marbles in the British Museum. I examined them, in respect of their conditions to dirt, on the 24th instant; and more particularly a Caryatide, No. 128; the Shaft of a Column, No. 118; and some of the Metopes in the Elgin Gallery. The marbles generally were very dirty; some of them appeared as if dirty from a deposit of dust and soot formed upon them, and some of them, as if stained, dingy, and brown. The surface of the marbles is in general rough, as if corroded; only a very few specimens present the polish of finished marble: many have a dead surface; many are honey-combed in a fine degree, more or less; or have shivered broken surfaces, calculated to hold dirt mechanically. I found the body of the marble beneath the surface white. I found very few places where the discoloration seemed to be produced by a stain penetrating the real body of the unchanged or unbroken marble. Almost everywhere it appeared to be due to dirt (arising from dust, smoke, soot, &c.) held, mechanically, by the rough and fissured surface of the stone. The application of water, applied by a sponge or soft cloth removed the coarsest dirt, but did not much enlighten the general dark tint. The addition of rubbing, either by the finger, or a cork, or soft brushes, improved the color, but still left it far below that of a fresh fracture. The use of a fine, gritty powder, with the water and rubbing, though it more quickly removed the upper dirt, left much imbedded in the cellular surface of the marble. I then applied alkalies, both carbonated and caustic; these quickened the loosening of the surface dirt, and changed the tint of the brown stains a little; but they fell far short of restoring the marble surface to its proper hue and state of cleanliness. I finally used dilute nitric acid, and even this failed; for, though I could have

gone on until I had dissolved away the upper marble, and left a pure surface, even these successive applications, made, of course, with care, but each time producing a sensible and even abundant effervescence, and each time dissolving enough marble to neutralize the applied acid, were not sufficient to reach the bottom of the cells and fissures in which dirt had been deposited, so as to dislodge the whole of that dirt from its place. *The examination has made me despair of the possibility of presenting the marbles in the British Museum in that state of purity and whiteness which they originally possessed, or in which as I am informed like marbles can be seen in Greece and Italy at the present day.* The multitude of people who frequent the galleries, the dust which they raise, the necessary presence of stoves, or other means of warming, which, by producing currents in the air, carry the dust and dirt in it to places of rest, namely, the surfaces of the marbles; and the London atmosphere in which dust, smoke, fumes, are always present, and often water in such proportions as to deposit a dew upon the cold marble, or in the dirt upon the marble, are never-ceasing sources of injury to the state and appearance of these beautiful remains. Still, I think that much improvement would result from a more frequent and very careful washing; and I think that the application of a little carbonated alkali (as soda) with the water would be better than soap, inasmuch as the last portions of it are more easily removed. It requires much care in washing to secure this result; but whether soap or soda be employed, none should be allowed to remain behind. Dry brushing or wiping is probably employed in some cases; if so, it should be applied with care, and never, whilst the objects are damp, or from the conditions of the weather likely to be so. In several cases there is the appearance as if such a process had resulted in causing the adhesion of a darker coat of dirt than would have been produced without it; for convex, front, underlying portions of a figure are in a darker state than back parts of the same figure, though the latter are more favorably disposed for the reception of falling dirt.—I am, my dear Dr. Milman, humbly and truly yours,

M. FARADAY.

CONTENTS OF NO. 715.—6 FEBRUARY, 1858.

1. A Woman Growing Old—By a Woman, - -	Chambers' Journal, - - - 321
2. Richard Hooker, - - - - -	North British Review, - - 328
3. The Student—A Story of Blen Cathara, - - -	Dublin University Magazine, 355
4. Essays of John Wilson Croker, - - - - -	Examiner, - - - - - 368
5. A Christmas Phantasy, - - - - -	Household Words, - - - - 369
6. A Really Good Day's Fishing, - - - - -	Chambers' Journal, - - - 371
7. Sweden, Lapland and Norway—By Bayard Taylor, <i>Athenæum</i> , - - - - -	375
8. Old Fashioned Criticism—Henry Reed's Lecture, <i>Leader</i> , - - - - -	381
9. The Marbles in the British Museum—Dr. Faraday, <i>Athenæum</i> , - - - - -	383

POETRY.—Below and Above, 354. Evening Rhymes, 354. Christmas Phantasy, 369. The Wand of Light, 370. Old Letters, 370. Autumn Verses, 370.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Roman Senate, 327. The Organ Boys, 353. Six Songs by Longfellow, 353. New Stereoscope, 374. Portuguese Africa, 380. Samuel Lover; Mr. Prescott in Russia, etc., 380. Will of Henry VIII., 382.

TO OUR READERS.

A Woman's Thoughts About Women—the first article in this number—is a very pleasant one. Long ago we saw dear Aunts going through the process; and in later years have friends of our own youth now ceasing to be young. Were it said that they are growing more like Angels, they would think it flattery,—and yet of some of them it is doubtless true. "A middle-aged angel" is an old wish of ours.

Poor Hooker! "The Judicious Hooker!" His works were an all-sufficient consolation to him. What a spite that his wife should have destroyed some of them. This shadowy notice of his Life, will draw many readers to his incomparable Writings.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1846.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English Language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

This work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, *Westminster*, *North British*, *British Quarterly*, *New Quarterly*, *London Quarterly*, *Christian Remembrancer*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the learned and sedate *Saturday Review*, the studious and practical *Economist*, the keen tory *Press*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's* and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*, and *Dickens' Household Words*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

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